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THE PRESENT MONETARY TROUBLES.

IN our December Number we briefly adverted to the embarrassments so generally felt in the commercial world, and endeavoured to trace them up to their true source. It is painful to reflect that, although three months have passed over our heads, the load of anxiety has not been lightened, and the dread of a disastrous crisis has not been removed. Parliament has been sitting a month, and yet nothing has been done to alleviate the commercial distresses that exist to a degree unparalleled since the year 1826; and how much longer such a state of things can last, the Chancellor of the Exchequer or the Governor of the Bank of England is best able to declare.

The inconveniences of which men of business justly complain at present is the insufficiency of the coinage for the great demand now made for money. Labour is easily procured by the artisan, in the manufacturing districts every sign of prosperity is to be recognised, and the farmers do not complain more than they always have complained and always will complain—indeed throughout the productive classes of the population there appears to be a health and vigour which is truly surprising, when we consider the commercial distresses of the metropolis. We hope that the generally cheerful prospects of the country may be felt by the leading financial men in parliament as an encouragement to give the subject a serious consideration with a view of relieving the embarrassments so general among the tradesmen of London.

The great evil is the insufficiency of money to pay the demands of labour. The capitalist, it is true, may look on unconcernedly, and the merchant may but slightly feel the annoyances of the present time; but to the tradesman with limited capital or to him whose business chiefly confines him to bill-transactions the present crisis is a subject of loud and just complaint. It is not unusual in some branches of trade for the purchasing parties to give bills of six and nine months' date instead of money. The result is that the seller of such goods, unless he have a large capital, must procure discount for these bills in order to meet the current expenses of his business:—and this is a very general mode of proceeding,—perfectly correct and perfectly convenient in ordinary times. The tradesman cannot fairly complain, when his

MARCH, 1837.

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banker discounts his bills at the usual rate of *five per cent.*:—but let us suppose that the banker withholds or contracts his discount,—and this will happen quite irrespectively of the character of the bills, accordingly as the great financial barometer (the Bank of England) indicates a favourable season or otherwise,—what consequences result therefrom to the holder of these bills? He is compelled to ask as a favour from other sources the accommodation which his banker refuses, and in order to supply his necessity is obliged to make a sacrifice of *ten, twelve, nay, even fifteen per cent.*,* for the accommodation, and is thus deprived of a considerable part of the fair profits on his business. There can be no question that the trader is deeply injured by the financial evils that thus cripple his resources, rob him of a part of his income, and effectually prevent him from enlarging the sphere of his exertions; and as we conceive that no class of men is so well entitled to relief as that which has raised this country to its proud commercial sovereignty in Europe, we would earnestly call on all members of the community to aid the cause of commerce by petitioning Parliament to adopt some measure that shall have the effect of removing an evil that has now existed nearly six months to the great injury—nay, ruin of many of the trading classes of this metropolis.

The obvious cause of these difficulties is—as we have before said—the scarcity of bullion; and this scarcity may be traced to several temporary causes, the principal of which are the exportation of bullion to America, the late relief of Ireland by large supplies of gold, the state of our exchanges with the Continent, and the absorption of a large quantity of the metallic currency by the great railway labours at present going on in different parts of the country. But if the evils above alluded to were merely temporary and confined to a few branches of trade, we should at once say that the cure should be left to nature, and that no quack nostrums should be used to produce a temporary excitement that wears the semblance but has not the reality of health. This, however, is not the case with our present embarrassments. They will be found if traced to their true source, to be general, and, besides, to have recurred at intervals ever since the present currency-system has been in operation. The fact is, that with our present system of commerce which sends to the foreigner so much more in real value than we receive from him, we are making exchanges that appear equitable, but in truth are unfavourable to us in amount not less than thirty millions a-year. So much for Mr. Poulett Thomson and the other zealots of the manufacturing interest, who would measure the national prosperity by the

* The tradesman, besides, is often obliged by his difficulties to make sacrifices still more injurious, and even to procure his discounts by the purchase of goods when he does not need them and at prices that he can ill afford to pay. The following is one among a thousand instances of the distresses here alluded to. A respectable tradesman bought goods at six months' credit to the amount of 45*l.* The disappointments of the following week obliged him to go to the seller of those goods—with whom he regularly transacted business—and beg discount for a bill of 100*l.* at two months. The favour, at first refused, was at length granted on the sole condition that the 45*l.* should be paid down out of the discounted bill, thus making it a ready-money instead of a credit transaction. What business can bear such ruinous sacrifices as these, of which we mention a solitary instance?

amount of exported manufactures without any reference to correct financial principles.

We have not the space to enter at length on the history of the errors that have brought us into our present difficulties—difficulties attributable in the main to the same causes that led to the embarrassments of 1745, 1759, 1771, 1783,—and (then after a season of prosperity owing to an accidentally better system) of 1793-7, ending with the stoppage of cash payments in the memorable 1797,* of 1813-9 and of the troubles that have been increasing on the country from the date of Peel's bill up to the present moment. We refer our readers for a short but very ingenious and sound analysis of this point to Mr. John Taylor's *Catechisms of the Currency and Foreign Exchanges*, which deserve to be very generally read and studied. The great cause of these troubles is, that we are struggling against impossibilities—trying to arrive at a prosperous state of things with a currency which is a false standard of value :—we have done so for nearly a hundred years; and this long trial has proved that we are quite unable to maintain our station as a great trading country, unless we altogether reform our principles of commerce. The foreigner in times past has traded with us on equal terms, nay,—sometimes on terms highly advantageous to himself without a murmur of complaint. Now, however, we grant him advantages which our circumstances never ought to have allowed, (at a sacrifice of nearly 200 millions in fifty years):—we are imperatively required to adopt such a system, as shall in future secure us from the losses which we have hitherto borne with so little concern.

After saying so much in condemnation of past measures, it certainly becomes us to urge—and we do so with much deference on so difficult and intricate a subject,—some steps for removing the inconveniences that we have so much lamented and deprecated. The most ruinous financial measure that has been adopted during the present century is Peel's Bill for the resumption of cash-payments—a bill, which, vainly opposed by the good sense of many eminent financiers in and out of parliament, was passed as a most salutary measure destined to produce solid and lasting prosperity to the country. The consequence has been simply this ;—that, whereas in our previous commercial transactions we sacrificed only the moderate sum of *eight* millions per annum, we now sacrifice *thirty* millions per annum. Sir Robert Peel's measures were, we doubt not, well meant ; but this is the issue. We must have some other physician.

Cash-payments, says the modern physician, are utterly insufficient for the purposes of the country. The capitalist profits by the distresses of the commercial community :—Sir Gilbert Heathcote, at the beginning of the last century, gained 60,000*l.*, and the *late* Sir Robert Peel, a man of shrewd practical sense, is reported to have said that his son's measure would *double* his property, while it ruined the nation. We have no doubt that Goldsmid, Rothschild, Baring, and other great capitalists, have drawn from the public a share of spoil no less considerable than the father of the leader of the present

* See an interesting account of this stoppage of the Bank of England in 1797, in Dodsley's "Annual Register." See also the "Parliamentary Register" of the same year.

Opposition. The interests of the community at large must henceforward be consulted ; and those interests are involved in the recognition of money as the real and *bond fide* standard of value,—which it is not at the present time. What remedy government may choose to adopt for this evil that cries so loudly for redress, we know not. The most natural and the easiest remedy is—either the repeal of the ex-premier's obnoxious act, so as to enable the Bank of England to issue a limited quantity of paper for supplying the deficiencies of the bullion currency,—or, what would be still better and would place the government and the country out of the power of any Joint-stock Company like the Bank of England, to return to the plan, almost forgotten and now mere matter of history, of government notes or small exchequer bills. Either of these plans would have the effect, at once of restoring the equilibrium of foreign exchanges, of giving a due reward and full scope for the labour of agriculturists and manufacturers, and of securing to the tradesman adequate returns for the outlay of his capital.

At all events let the Bank of England directors remember that in 1797 their credit was all but ruined :—in 1837 their prospects may not be less gloomy, if they omit to importune the king's government to give them those powers of relieving the public, without which the general distress must recoil on themselves.

CONSTANTINA;

ON THE IMPORTANCE OF ITS OCCUPATION BY THE FRENCH.

MARSHAL CLAUSEL was the first who fully appreciated the reduction of Constantina, or rather foresaw the advantages to be gained by its acquisition. That measure has nevertheless met with opponents both in Algiers and Paris. It will therefore be our object throughout this article to demonstrate the absolute necessity which obliged the French to undertake the expedition, not only in consideration of their northern possessions in Africa, but also with regard to their political credit and reputation at home and at foreign courts. We will, moreover, show that Constantina is a most important town to occupy,—first, as a commercial city of wealth and opulence ; secondly, as an useful position between the desert and the most fertile provinces of the kingdom of Tunis ; and thirdly, as a central mart for the traders of the northern with the southern colonies. Nor shall we fail to notice, in the course of our disquisition, the fertility of the province which forms the half of the territory of Algiers, and the characteristics of its inhabitants.

Constantina, formerly called Cirtha, was founded by the Carthaginians, and was indebted for its splendour and extent to the long reign of Masinissa. He was the first who taught the wandering tribes of Masæsylians to build fixed habitations and cultivate the plains of Hamsah. Scipio (*Æmilius*) added the valley of the Bagradas to the kingdom of Masinissa and of Micipsa, his son-in-law, and the whole took the name of Numidia. Numidia was devastated

by the rival armies of Marius and Sulla, and its produce was wasted by the exorbitant demands of the Roman proconsuls, and finally by the civil war. Hiempsal, conquered by Cæsar at Thapsus, together with Cato and Labienus, lost a portion of his kingdom; but Cirtha was still left to him, and the mercantile transactions which he carried on with the interior of Africa re-established his fortune. At length in the year 45 A. D. Numidia became a Roman province and was governed by proconsuls.

In process of time the luminous influence of the Christian religion was even spread over Numidia; but the internal tranquillity of the people was soon interrupted by the schisms that originated from the various doctrines preached by the followers of Arian and other sectarians. In the midst of fanatical tumult Cirtha was reduced by the hands of incendiary religionists to a heap of ruins. Constantius, the son of Constantine the Great, re-built it in the year 340 A. D., and gave its present name of Constantina.

Constantina suffered much from the devastations of the Vandals; it however retained its municipal privileges and franchise, which it had borrowed from the Romans or Carthaginians. In 659 it was overrun by the Arabs, but its inhabitants did not embrace the Mussulman creed until the year 710. Finally, having recognised many different masters, and having fallen into a variety of hands, the ancient city was submitted to the sway of the deputies of the Ottoman empire, in the year 1550.

The richness of a soil the most fertile in Africa, a vast population well initiated in agricultural knowledge, its trade in the centre of Africa, and its advantageous situation between the finest tract of Beled-el-jerede, or the county of dates, the province of Sousah, which is the finest part of the kingdom of Tunis, and the territory of Algiers; these circumstances have given a certain importance to Constantina, which existed even under the arbitrary sway of the Turks and their despotic Beys. Its exports were chiefly sent to Tunis, through the medium of El Juef and Juayrouan on the east, and by the mountainous chains of Aouress and Maheghalabs, or on the north by the Magerdah and Byzerte. This extensive trade excited the jealousy of the Dey of Algiers, who declared war against the Bey of Tunis in the years 1782 or 1783. These hostilities, which were rendered remarkable by no extraordinary combat nor instances of heroism, were interrupted by the plague in 1784, and the contagious disease robbed both armies of their flower and support.

Until the year 1780 the population of Constantina amounted to nearly 50,000 inhabitants, at present it does not reach the moiety of that number. We may also add that until the period of its disasters in 1784, it sent to Tunis a monthly caravan of merchandise to the value of 100,000 Spanish piastres, making an annual sum total of 260,000*l*. Constantina had at the same time a trade with Bona, the small sea-ports of Quol and Storra, and the Royal African Company of Marseilles, to the amount of 200,000*l*. per annum. Within the few last years the commercial intercourse between Constantina and Tunis has experienced a rapid and considerable increase, and we cannot entertain the slightest doubt that if Achmet-Bey had been less

sanguinary and less frequent in his depredations, that trade must have been solely confined to Constantina, instead of being distributed between that city and Tuggurt. We will endeavour to furnish the reader with an idea towards the support of this proposition.

Let him conceive a vast desert presenting a *superficies* of 2,400,000 square geographical miles, from the coast of Africa on the Mediterranean to Tokrou, Mely, and Ouanquarah. This desert, which receives the four different names of Nubia, Libya, Barqua, Ouaday, and Saahrah, offers five distinct and direct lines of communication for commercial intercourse between the north, the four states of Barbary, and Lower Egypt; the south, the kingdoms of Tokrou, Bornou, Houssa, and Sackatou; and the federations of Mely and Ouanquarah, which of all central African provinces are the farthest advanced towards a state of comparative civilization.

The desert is intersected with occasional rocks or mountains, formed of a species of free-stone, and about sixty or eighty vegetative islands called oases, varying in extent and in population. These isolated spots offer a species of Elysian repose to the traveller amongst that vast ocean and almost trackless waste of sand.

The inhabitants of Tokrou exchange their produce with the northern provinces, while those of the oases are obliged to purchase grain, &c., at a high price, and are necessitated to pay in specie with that money which the occasional visits of caravans to their fertile spots distribute amongst them. When these means fail they dispose of their camels, or hire themselves as labourers to acquit their debts towards their mercantile neighbours.

The first line of communication for the caravans across the desert is from Cobbé to Cairo. The direction extends over the deserts of Nubia and Libya, thence to Egypt by Assouan. We need scarcely inform the reader that Cobbé is the capital of Darfour.

The point of *rendezvous* for the caravans of the second line of communication is at Borgoo. Thither flock the merchants of Ouaday and Dursallah. From Borgoo the caravan passes on in a northerly direction towards Augelah. This journey is undertaken six or seven times in the course of the year. From Augelah the caravan turns to the east and pursues its march to Alexandria.

The third line of communication is from Bornou, the banks of the Yeowry and lake Tchad. This caravan follows a direction entirely northern as far as Morzouk, the capital of Fezzan:—arrived at Morzouk, the various divisions destined for the oases of the Tuats, the centre of Saharah, and the republic of Ghadamis, separate to pursue each its respective march. The grand caravan or main body continues its northerly route to Sokna, where the whole break up into small parties for Tripoli, Bengahzi, and the other sea-ports of the Gulf of Syrtis.

The fourth line of commercial intercourse is from Houssa, Sackatoo, Meli, and Agdas (an oasis of the Tuaricks), whence the caravan starts. On its arrival in the centre of the oasis of the Tuats, it is joined by a detachment from Timbuctoo; it then continues its march towards Tunis, Tripoli, and other sea-ports in the neighbourhood, passing through Mozab, Touzer, and Tuggurt, whence goods are exported to Constantina and Algiers.

The fifth line is from Timbuctoo and Arowan, in a northerly direction, to Fez, Tlemsen, and Oran. This caravan is laden with all the choicest productions of Meli, Ouanquarah, Joliba, Jeuné, Sego, Sausarding, Yamina, and Bamakou. It passes through Tafelata in the course of its journey.

These caravans, which are composed each of 800 to 2000 camels, perform upwards of sixteen or seventeen journeys between the months of September and June. The total amount of these expeditions is 22,000 to 25,000 camels laden with merchandise, each camel bearing 400lbs. weight of goods, besides his food, water, and the rider. Thus, in going and returning, there are employed annually in those seventeen expeditions, from 45,000 to 50,000 camels laden with goods, and from 18,000,000 to 20,000,000lbs. of merchandise destined for export or import from Central Africa.

Of these 22,000 to 25,000 camels, both going and returning, upwards of 6500 to 7000 are bound for Egypt: they belong to the caravans of Darfour and Ouaday: 4000 to 4500 more are destined for Tripoli and the various sea-ports on the Gulf of Syrtis; and about 3500 to 4000 are intended for Tunis and Constantina, from which latter place Algiers and Bona are supplied. This forms the total amount of the caravans on the third and fourth line.

The caravans bound for the south are more heavily laden than those that return from that quarter; but the latter are the wealthier. The former are chiefly charged with grain and convertibles for the oases in the immediate vicinity of their line of march. Those caravans which return from the south are enriched by upwards of 80,000 black slaves of every age and of both sexes, and by 4000 camels or horses, besides 50,000 ounces of gold dust.

The value of the merchandise imported from Central to Northern Africa and to the western provinces by the ports of the Senegal, annually amounts to upwards of 3,200,000*l.*; and the value of the exports from the Mediterranean shores, the Senegal, and the gulphs of Benin and Biafra, amounts to 2,800,000*l.*

To arrive at a just estimate of the value of the burdens of the camels that are bound from the south to the north, we must first set apart the actual worth of the slaves, the animals brought back, and the gold dust, which last article only requires the services of ten camels.

The actual worth, then, would amount to	- - -	£1,680,000
The expenses incidental to, and the profits of the		
caravans	- - - - -	400,000
European trade at the Senegal	- - - - -	320,000
		<hr/>
		£2,400,000

There therefore remains for the value of 20,000 to 25,000 camels, that have carried convertibles and water for the slaves and the animals brought from the south - - - - - £800,000

The worth of a camel, therefore, bound for the north, would amount to about 32*l.* sterling. This would be subject to a considerable and evident augmentation during a journey to the south.

Again, from the sum of 2,800,000*l.* the amount of the imports from the Mediterranean shores and those of the ocean to the interior of Africa, we must cut off 400,000*l.* from the imports of European goods to the Senegal, and an equal sum for wages, hire of camels, profits, &c. &c. : we shall then have about 2,000,000*l.* to answer the value of the 25,000 camels returning, which would allow 80*l.* for each camel. At the same time we must remark that, in the journey to the south, the caravans unload to deposit their merchandise at certain spots, and thence traverse whole leagues without a burden, several times—that their camels are less fatigued on their arrival at the end of their march—and that they are always ready to start again as promptly as possible.

The population of Tokrou, Meli, and Ouanquarah, is estimated to be upwards of 10,000,000 of souls; and that of the oases of the desert is supposed to exceed 3,000,000. The trade of those countries is therefore obliged to supply the wants of 13,000,000 of individuals. The commercial transactions of the inhabitants of the oases consist chiefly in camels, and those of Tokrou of horses.

The oases require constant supplies of corn, millet, Indian corn, barley and flour, dates, dried fruits, and salt meat—principally mutton. They moreover require, like the inhabitants of the south, tissues of all kinds, the productions of India, spices, coffee, sugar, tea, cutlery, copper, iron, jewels, gold lace, coral, china-porcelain, paper, weapons, ammunition, glass-ware, &c. &c.

The objects of barter are indigo, opium, cochineal, saffron, plants for dying, certain kinds of spice, drugs, perfumery, liver-wort, resin, varnish, ivory, ostrich-feathers, &c., which are exported by means of the caravans. The ports of the Senegal trade in gums of all species, palm-oil, rice, mahogany, wax, skins, tallow, the horns and bones of oxen, slaves, &c.

In our description of the progress and the destinations of the various caravans, we spoke of them upon an average and according to ordinary circumstances. But the political situation of Turkish Africa has lately wrought vast changes in the trade between the Mediterranean sea-ports and the south: and it is to avail themselves of those changes that the occupation of Constantina is so important to the French. Of the truth of this statement we will endeavour to convey an adequate idea to the reader.

The system of monopoly, established by the viceroy of Egypt to the utter ruin of cultivation and agricultural industry, not only now diminishes, but in process of time will totally destroy the trade of Alexandria. Mehemet-Ali, in his gigantic march towards the civilization of the Egyptians, has stopped the progress of the trade of Alexandria, and has cut off her commerce in those very articles which contributed to her wealth and prosperity. Mehemet-Ali requires black slaves for his armies and copper for his arsenals; the merchants of Alexandria are therefore obliged to neglect the import of the other productions of Den-Saleh, and their profits are less considerable than they formerly were. The caravans of Dar-fâr, which only now arrive at Alexandria every eighteen months, experience moreover a variety of difficulties at the Egyptian custom-houses.

The family of Keramanly, from father to son, has reigned over Tripoli for upwards of a hundred and thirty years. The father of the last Dey, Sidi-Jussuf-Aly-Keramanly-Oglan, was a man of considerable talents and political knowledge, and a staunch protector of the maritime trade as well as that of Central Africa. His brothers-in-law and his nephews were his ministers.

In 1798 the prince of Fezzan aimed at the sovereignty of Tripoli. But the Dey Jussuf marched with a large army against Morzouk, and obliged the shiek to recognise the dependence of his master on the Tripolitan dynasty; and to pay the accustomed annual tribute. This tribute was augmented to the sum of 10,000*l.* sterling, and a hundred black slaves of both sexes. By this vigorous measure the Dey confirmed in their pristine state of vassalage to himself the oasis of Augelah, and others less important in the immediate neighbourhood. The republic of Gadâmes and the Arabs of Barquah were also reduced to a state of subjection. The authority of the Dey of Tripoli was therefore much respected amongst the six tribes of the Tahbous and the inhabitants of Bornou.

Since the death of Jussuf Dey, his family has been dispersed and scattered over divers provinces; the commerce of Tripoli has removed to Bengahzi, Derna, and other Tripolitan ports on the coast; and the eldest son of Jussuf has been dethroned and banished to Asia Minor, by order of the Sultan. Another Pacha was nominated in his place; but the inhabitants of Tripoli refused to acknowledge his authority. The Capitan-Pacha has been since sent out thither with a considerable fleet, and has been himself invested with the honours of the Pachalick.

If the rich shieks of Augelah and the republic of Gadâmes have hitherto escaped the effects of those domestic discords that embarrass Tripoli, their situation is not the less critical; for their trade is daily subjected to the annoyances and impediments thrown in their way by the encroachments of the Arabs. Hence the third line of communication for the caravans with the south is almost ruined and annulled.

A portion of the merchandise exported from the south by the fourth line of communication was invariably destined for Tunis; but Tunis could never benefit by the third line, a portion of whose caravans are bound for Tripoli.

The existing Dey of Tunis is detested by his subjects; and Achmet, Bey of Constantina, has been lately intriguing at Constantinople to procure the Dey's dismissal.

Tunis has extensive manufactures of woollen tissues, felt caps, and purple dye. Its plains are fertile, and the productions of the highly-cultivated province of Sousah are sent to the south or to the desert. The domestic commerce of Tunis will therefore always be considerable; but should Constantina be occupied by the French, Tunis will immediately lose her chief trade with Tripoli and the desert, and Constantina will appropriate it to her own advantage.

Since the occupation of Algiers by the French armies, and since the commencement of the internal commotions of Tripoli, the maritime commerce of Tunis has more than doubled its exports and imports. Their gross amount in 1832 exceeded 1,040,000*l.*: in 1833, it was 1,002,000*l.* The cholera was the cause of this trifling depreciation.

Should the French possess themselves of Constantina and throw open an undisturbed line of commerce with France and the Mediterranean, to the north and the south, we may confidently assert our conviction, that Ouanquarah, Jeuné, Sego, Sansandiny, Yamina, Bamakou, and other towns that now send their merchandise by the caravans of Tafeelt and Aronan, will prefer expediting their southern productions direct to the Tuats, and receiving, by the same method of communication, the merchandise which they require from the Mediterranean sea-ports, rather than trusting such immense wealth to the perfidious and rapacious Moors of Aronan.

The caravans of the fourth line from the north to the south, from Agdas to the oasis of the Tuats, will become the most heavily charged and the wealthiest of any in a very short space. Their journeys will also be necessarily more frequent. Already the caravans of Bornou, being no longer able to proceed to Tripoli, have changed their place of destination, and are now invariably bound for the oasis of the Tuats.

That Oasis is therefore to be regarded as the most important in perspective, in the gross amount of its imports and exports. The highly cultured state in which it is found, the abundance of its wells, and the excellence of the water—the morality of its inhabitants—the wisdom of the Sultan of Terny-Moun, who governs the confederation of the oases of the Tuats—all these circumstances will eventually tend to aggrandise the fortunes and the authority of the inhabitants of that oasis. The Tuats are naturally independent in disposition, as well as from the circumstance of their central position in the midst of Sabarah; they love their country—they are rich and industrious—and to them belongs the greater portion of the camels that traverse the desert.

We may also remark that the fourth line of communication, from the north to the south, is much shorter than the third and the fifth: the march occupies sixty-three days, and its length is 1100 geographical miles. The third line, on the contrary, embraces a journey of 1500 miles, and requires seventy-three days: the fifth occupies eighty-four days. It is scarcely necessary to state that the fourth line of communication passes by Constantina; hence the commercial advantages to be reaped by that city. From the plains of Stowssa, in the midst of which Constantina is situated, the branch caravans have only four days' march, and seventy-five miles to accomplish, ere they arrive at the town of Bona, and a much less distance to the gulfs of Stora and Quol. To Algiers, there are nine days' journey, and 172 miles to travel.

But to be brief—for we have unwittingly spun out this article of statistics and commercial geography to an unusual length—it is easy to perceive the importance of the reduction of Constantina and its occupation by the French. At the same time the reader need not be astonished at the vehemence and anxiety with which those measures are desired and anticipated by the merchants on the African shores of the Mediterranean.

The colonization of Constantina would give to the French all the advantages accruing to the fourth line of communication from the south to the north, a portion of those belonging to the third line, and another part—more or less important—of the fifth.

These expeditions would soon surpass in magnitude the number of 6000 laden camels, which, even at the commencement, would enrich Constantina. Their value for the southern enterprises—not counting the slaves, the camels, nor the horses—is at least 32*l.* for each camel laden with merchandise.

This makes an aggregate sum of	- - - - -	£192,000
Value of 2000 ounces of gold dust	- - - - -	80,000
Expense of transporting 2000 blacks, at £12 a-piece	- - - - -	24,000
Expense of 1500 camels or horses	- - - - -	9,000
		<hr/>
		£305,000

Six thousand camels, laden with goods intended for the desert and the south, at the rate of £60 a-piece	- - - - -	360,000
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The occupation of Constantina will therefore produce by its trading alone	- - - - -	£665,000
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Having discussed the occupation of Constantina in a commercial light, we may conclude this article with a few words on the expediency of the measure in a political light.

The reduction and colonization of Constantina assures to the French the same feudal vassalage, the same subserviency, and the same submission on the part of the inhabitants, that were enjoyed by the Dey of Algiers,—that is to say, in the countries of Belled-el-gerid, or land of dates, as far as Tafelelt — Zab, Beskorah, and the tract of Bled-el-gerid as far as the lake of Melgig—together with Ouady, Ouerquelah, Tuggurt, and Ouady-Moyab's six towns and villages.

The occupation of Constantina by the French, moreover, assures to them the alliance of the Dey of Tunis, and on his side guarantees him against the machinations of Achmet Bey or any other usurper at Constantina, as well as against the malignity of the Porte itself, which would not dare counteract the measures of the French government. It also offers a means of honourable employment to many French officers now on half-pay, and to those speculative individuals who find too great an opposition to their schemes in a country where the population is already over-grown.

PARISIANUS.

BADEN-BADEN.

"Stat Zaringa Domus,
Firmis renovata columnis,
Spes maxima Badæ."

BADEN, often called Baden-Baden, to distinguish it from the other Baths in Germany, is a place of considerable antiquity. The Romans who, in early time, discovered the efficacy of its springs, christened it "*Civitas Aurelia Aquensis*," and in the days of Aurelius and Antoninus it was a frequent resort of the Roman patricians, gentlemen quite as gay and dissipated as the fashionables of the nineteenth century; but whether "*Rouge et Noir*" and "*Roulette*" were played in those days is not particularly mentioned by Jo. Daniel Schoepflinus; and he is, according to his own account, the only author who has dabbled with the "times of yore" of the dutchy of Baden; for he thus begins his work: "*Perpetuam et justam Badensem historiam, ab origine Gentis, nemo conscripsit—nec conscribere ausus est.*" . . . However Mr. Schoepflinus, in consequence of some peculiar facilities he obtained (he does not tell us how), did dare to undertake this arduous task, and we recommend his seven quarto volumes to our antiquarian readers.

We visited Baden ourselves in the course of last autumn, and although we *had* read Mrs. Trollope's book on Western Germany, we must confess that this flourishing little town, built on the side of a rapid ascent, backed by the dark pines of the Schwartz Wald, and the almost darker ruins of the "*Alt Schloss*" jutting out above their summits, together with the fertile little valley of Lichtenthal, into which the town extends, exceeded our most sanguine expectations.

The following letter, that we have received from a correspondent, may afford amusement to some, in recalling to their memory scenes they have lately witnessed, and no doubt enjoyed; and to others, who have not been so lucky, give an idea, however feeble, of one of the most delightful watering places in Europe:—

MR. EDITOR,

September, 1836.

Accompanied by two friends, G. and B., I left Heidelberg in a calèche and a pair of horses, driven by a German "*kutscher*," and passing through Carlsruhe ("*Charles's Rest*," so called from one of the margraves of Baden having rested himself at this spot in a hunting excursion), in due time arrived at Baden-Baden. The first thing, on entering a strange town, is, of course, to look out for a lodging. We had been recommended to the Baden-Hof, which is the first you come to in entering the town from Carlsruhe, but, as often happens at this season of the year, every room was full, not only of the "*Hof*"* itself, but of several lodging-houses round it, which are incorporated into this "*court*" during the season: so crossing a little bridge over the Os, or Oelbach, a small river that waters the valley of Lichtenthal, we proceeded to the Zöringhen Hof,

* "*Hof*," "*court*," in German means any thing you like when tacked on to another word: so *Gast-hof*, *hof-hund*, *hof-gericht*, *hof-meisher*, &c., &c.; but in this instance it means an hotel.

or Cour de Zeringue, and there obtained a very nice little lodging, consisting of three bed-rooms and a sitting-room, very neatly furnished, at the rate of four florins (about 6s. 8d.) a day—not a knight's fee, but a lawyer's fee. Besides the two hotels I have mentioned, there are several others of noted celebrity, such as the "Sonne," the "Salmen," the Hotel d'Angleterre, and many others. The one we were at is one of the first, and its "table d'hôte" is decidedly the best, with the exception perhaps of the Salmen, which is more plentifully supplied with game, from the circumstance of the host being a great sportsman himself. In fact, if you go to his hotel he is always willing to take you out to his "campagne," and give you as good a day's shooting as you can expect in a country that is not preserved. His "turn-out" is well known to all visitors of Baden,—a low phaeton, with a pair of very small though excessively fast mules. As possibly many of my readers have no idea what a German "table d'hôte" dinner is, I will describe one we had at the Zöringhe. "Ex uno disce omnes." Soup and bouilli, then carp and pike, with cream sauce, followed by stewed "hure de sanglier," sweat-breads, fried potatoes—then sponge-cake, with custard, and ditto with jelly—after which roast chevreuil (roe-buck), roast fowl, and salad,—the whole being followed by plain boiled trout, by way of a finish!! The whole of this moderate meal, followed by dessert, cheese, &c., accompanied by a pint of "vin du pays," is to be had for *one shilling and eight-pence a head*. But then, to be sure, one of the residents told me that in general it was not so dear! "Que voulez-vous, monsieur, dans la saison tout est cher." The dinner I have mentioned is in no ways exaggerated, the only irregularity was serving fish directly after the soup and bouilli, but that I believe was in compliment to English taste.

The first thing to mention at Baden is the "Conversation House." You approach it by well-kept gravel walks that wind through a shrubbery along the Oelbach. The principal part of the building consists of a lofty saloon, one hundred feet long and forty in width, containing a roulette table at each end. The entrance to it is under a magnificent portico, supported by columns of the Corinthian order. Tables and chairs are placed under this portico, as well as on the *esplanade* in front of it, where the visitors come and sit, and enjoy the cool summer evening, sipping coffee and ices, and listening to the music of an excellent band. I think that, standing under that portico of a bright moonlight night, the view of the town, surrounded by the dense forests, through which you can scarcely distinguish the well-known "felsen" with the Mercuriesberg threatening in the distance, surpassed any piece of scenery I ever witnessed in Europe. But to return to the "Maison de Conversation." On the grand saloon is an elegantly furnished drawing-room, where half-dress balls are held twice or three times a week, to which you may subscribe by the month or week, or to which you may at any time be admitted by paying forty kreuzers, about one shilling and a penny. The ladies just walk in, in their bonnets, dance a waltz or a gallop, and go out again, without the least fuss or ceremony whatever. On the other side of the saloon is perhaps the most *serious* place of amusement in Baden: I mean the "Rouge et Noir" room.

No regular gambler plays at Roulette, for he knows how perfectly hopeless it is to think of gaining. But at Rouge et Noir the case is different; the table or "La Banque," as it is called, has but the chance of an après of thirty-one coming up, which by connoisseurs is calculated at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., so that the game being *fairly* played, as it is at Baden, you certainly may calculate on winning *some* times. On the other hand, if you go on playing day after day, hour after hour, night after night, as you see hundreds and hundreds doing at Baden, and at the other watering places in Germany, it stands to reason, that in the long run (laying aside all the chances in favour of the table, produced by *capital coolness*, at least 100 per cent.), you must lose. I once saw the Elector of Hesse, one of the most constant Rouge et Noir players at Baden win 10,000 frs. (400*L.*); but of what use?—the next day it was all lost again. It is quite extraordinary how men can come in, coolly hang up their hat and stick to a peg, call for a "carte et épingle," and set pricking the winning colour for hours together, sometimes even without staking a shilling. As Mrs. Trollope says, "What can equal in dulness the whining, languid repetition of the croupier's cry, 'Faites votre jeu, messieurs. Le jeu est fait. Jeu est fait. Le rouge perd, la couleur gagne;' and then again, 'Faites le jeu; le jeu est fait: rouge gage, et couleur.'" I am quite ready to agree with Mrs. Trollope as to the heinousness of gambling, but I think our authoress exaggerates the state of play at Baden, at least amongst the fairer portion of the sex. Having read her book, I paid particular attention to the *number* and to the *quality* of the women that played. Now as to the number, there were but a noted few whom I saw play at all regularly, and those with *very* few exceptions belonged to a class we should hardly call *ladies*. It is true I have occasionally seen real ladies, and even two or three of our own country women, throw down a small piece, perhaps half-a-crown (the lowest sum played), but then it was merely as a joke, just to say that they had done so, and with the most innocent intention possible. The regular players always *sit* at the table, and I certainly never saw an English woman *sitting down* at the table all the time I was there. I have dwelt, perhaps, rather fully on this point; but I cannot bear to hear my countrymen, much less my countrywomen, accused of excesses (especially in a foreign land) when they do not deserve it. One word more about gambling and I have done. There is one individual who comes to Baden every year, and in the course of two or three months, I understand, manages to win enough to live on well all the year round. Every one who has been at Baden in 1836 will remember a stout little man, dressed in nankeen trousers and a blue coat, a hat well brushed, and shoes equally well polished, and carrying a brown silk umbrella in his hand. This gentleman was Mr. L'A. . . . so celebrated in the French Revolution.

People of all ages and from all nations, to the amount of seven or eight hundred, were assembled at Baden: of course I mean visitors, for the population of the residents amounts to about four thousand.*

* Sometimes, I understand, there are as many as two or three thousand visitors, but we were rather late in the season.

There were, first of all, about twenty or thirty Russians, including the Princess Lieven, the wife of the late ambassador at our court, and no less than four other princesses, whose names I heard, but if I even could pronounce them, I certainly could not spell them now. Poles there were without end. One, a beautiful girl, with black eyes and black hair, excited universal admiration. About fifty or sixty, or perhaps a hundred Germans of the different nations, dutchies, margravates, electorates,—were it not treason I should be almost inclined to say *provinces* of the Germanic Confederation. There were several Frenchmen, many of them of the ancient régime; a son of the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, a very gentlemanly young man; Louis Buonaparte, the hero of the recent events at Strasburg; Mr. L'A——, whom I have before mentioned, and many others. Of French women I scarcely saw any, with the exception of three or four “*dames de compagnie*” from Frescati’s. Added to all these, about five hundred Englishmen: our countrymen mustering about double the number of all the other countries put together. Naturally out of the five hundred there were some, nay, perhaps many, who were not quite the *élite* of this country—a few perhaps who came from behind the counter for the first time in their lives, might give themselves certain airs; but I must say I saw very little of that sort of thing either at Baden or at other places I visited in the course of the summer. John Bull is gaining experience, and is now perfectly aware that, at the same time that he is generally liked and respected on the continent, he is not to ride rough-shod over all the natives of foreign parts. The author of “*Richelieu*” says that an Englishman, under all circumstances, keeps the distance of two yards between him and a stranger; but, notwithstanding this, we became acquainted, and, for the time being *at least*, one might almost say intimately acquainted, with many of our compatriots, of our own as well as of the fairer sex, without any further introduction than that of being shut up together in a dungeon, of being wetted by the spray of the same waterfall, of contemplating the same scenes from the top of a tower, or of being boxed up for eight-and-forty hours together in a small steam-boat.

Baden, not satisfied with its own intrinsic resources to gratify its visitors, has a number of delightful environs wherewith to amuse them; and parties, varying in number from two or three to fifteen or twenty, are daily formed to explore their beauties. But before I speak of them, I must give a short description of the town itself. The very name of the place obliges us, in the first instance, to speak of the springs; but really, were it not for that name, a person who is not an invalid might almost forget that such is the *nominal* magnet that annually attracts thousands to Baden. Mr. P——, an Englishman, who had been there a week when I arrived, and was going to leave the next day, had never seen or even heard of the Roman bath, or place where invalids go to drink the waters. You enter into a small but lofty room, open on the side of the street and supported by pillars, having to all intents and purposes the appearance of a small chapel. This is called “*Hell*,” whether from the heat of the subterraneous strata, or from whatever cause, I know not. Once safely landed in this pandemonium, some saltish water, hotter than

you can at first swallow, is presented to you, and you are expected to toss off four or five large tumblers full—certainly about as *infernal* a pastime as one can well imagine. Opposite the “Hell” is a covered arcade, where the “patients” go and walk up and down, at least so I understood, for the poor things perform this penance at five o’clock in the morning, when we happy mortals were safe in bed. There are no less than seventeen springs, which all flow down from the hill at the back of the town. The water is impregnated with alum, salt, and sulphur, and is always beautifully clear. The temperature of the various springs differs from thirty-seven to fifty-four degrees of Reaumur, which is equivalent to from a hundred and fifteen to a hundred and fifty-three degrees Fahrenheit. Great quantities of the waters are bottled off and exported to all parts of the world. It is said that the discharge amounts to eleven millions four hundred and twenty thousand gallons per annum. There are a great number of baths in different parts of the town. In fact you find them at nearly all the first hotels; but those of the Zœringen are considered the best. They consist of about twenty nice little rooms, each containing a marble bath, a table, chair, slippers, footboard, and looking-glass. A certain quantity of water is always kept ready cooled in large reservoirs, so that you can have a bath at a moment’s notice. The price is forty kreuzers (about thirteen pence). I forgot to mention that at the “hell” the vapour is collected by some physical process, and used in the shape of vapour baths.

Not far from the mouth of the springs is the church, built on the site of some Roman ruins, probably baths. It contains no object of importance, except the tombs of the margraves of Baden. Turning to the right, on leaving the church, you ascend a steep winding hill, and if you are enterprising enough to go on, you may pass a pump, coast a long high wall, and immediately on your right you behold the “new castle,” so called in opposition to the “Alt Schloss,” or old castle, which towers above it. The new castle is the Baden residence of the grand-dukes; and from its name, one might be led to expect that it was quite a modern erection; but this juvenile building was erected in 1479 by the Margrave Christopher, who, according to Schoepflinus, “after the peace of Worms, left the strong holds his ancestors had inhabited for upwards of four hundred years, and built a new palace at the foot of the hill, near the baths.” Its great attractions are the subterranean apartments, supposed to be the council-rooms and prisons of the “Heilige Vehme,” or secret tribunal. These vaults have been so often and so fully described, that it would be in vain for me to try to add any thing on that subject. Suffice it to say, that we were escorted to the “Oubliette,” “la chambre de la question,” and “la salle du conseil,” by a black-eyed girl, so graphically described by Mrs. Trollope; and that, in addition to this, we had to thank the dreary dungeons of the “new Schloss” for the acquaintance of a fair countrywoman, whose black eyes and raven locks far surpassed those of the lively Alsatian.

I must now, Mr. Editor, bid you adieu for the present; but should you think this wandering epistle worthy of insertion in your excellent Magazine, which no doubt finds its way even to Baden, I shall be happy, on another occasion, to conclude my “attempt” to describe that enchanting spot.

Yours, &c.

VIATOR.



De Berengery

London, March. 1st 1837

DE BÉRANGER.

THE name of no living author has been, perhaps, more extensively known, than that of this celebrated *chansonnier*. His popularity, strictly speaking, is all but universal in France; and though literary reputation cannot justly be considered as permanently fixed, 'till Time has set his seal thereon, it may without much hazard be predicted, that the works of De Béranger have assured for themselves a very distinguished place in their peculiar department.

It is not our object to institute a comparison (a proceeding almost always invidious) between this lyric poet and others who have trodden a similar path; neither is it our wish to deny or palliate his demerits, whatever they may be. Doubtless, they have, according to the regular and laudable practice, been duly magnified; certainly, they have not escaped severe judicial visitation. The punishment of fine and imprisonment, (however ineffective such kind of correction has always proved in similar cases, either to amend the delinquent or to deter others,) has been abundantly administered. The usual consequences have followed: the infliction is submitted to with the proud feelings of a martyr, and the victim's influence thereby incalculably increased in every direction.

In calling the attention of our readers to the *chansons* of De Béranger, we shall decline entering upon a detailed or critical examination of them. We purpose merely, in the course of a brief outline of events in the life of the author, to make some extracts from his songs, by which an opinion may be formed of their claims to that high degree of admiration for pathos, wit and patriotism, which his countrymen have so enthusiastically bestowed. We shall here only remark, that the versification is learned, graceful and flowing, and the general character essentially and pre-eminently French.

Peter John De Béranger was of humble origin, and born in Paris, August 19th, 1780, at the house of his grandfather, a tailor, in the Rue Mont-Orgeuil. He has recorded, with much feeling, in one of his best known effusions, "*Le Tailleur et la Fée*," some circumstances of his early life, and a summary estimate of the tendency of his writings.

LA TAILLEUR ET LA FÉE.

1822.

Dans ce Paris plein d'or et de misère,
En l'an du Christ mil sept cent quatre-vingt,
Chez un tailleur, mon pauvre et vieux grand père,
Moi nouveau-né, sachez ce qui m'advint.
Rien ne prédit la gloire d'un Orphée
A mon berceau, qui n'était pas de fleurs:
Mais mon grand-père, accourant à mes pleurs,
Me trouve un jour dans les bras d'une fée;
Et cette fée, avec de gais refrains,
Calma le cri de mes premiers chagrins.

MARCH, 1837.

R

Le bon vieillard lui dit, l'ame inquiète :
 "A cet enfant quel destin est promis?"
 Elle répond : "Vois-le, sous ma baguette,
 Garçon d'auberge, imprimeur et commis.
 Un coup de foudre ajoute à mes présages :*
 Ton fils atteint va périr consumé ;
 Dieu le regarde, et l'oiseau ranimé
 Vole en chantant braver d'autres orages."
 Et puis la fée, avec de gais refrains,
 Calmait le cri de mes premiers chagrins.

"Tous les plaisirs, sylphes de la jeunesse,
 Eveilleront sa lyre au sein des nuits,
 Au toit du pauvre il répand l'allégresse ;
 A l'opulence il sauve des ennuis.
 Mais quel spectacle attriste son langage ?
 Tout s'engloutit, et gloire et liberté :
 Comme un pêcheur qui rentre épouvanté,
 Il vient au port raconter leur naufrage."
 Et puis la fée, avec de gais refrains,
 Calmait le cri de mes premiers chagrins.

Le vieux tailleur s'écrie : "Eh quoi ! ma fille
 Ne m'a donné qu'un faiseur de chansons !
 Mieux jour et nuit vaudrait tenir l'aiguille
 Que, faible écho, mourir en de vains sons."
 "Va," dit la fée, "à tort tu t'en alarmes ;
 De grands talents ont de moins beaux succès.
 Ses chants légers seront chers aux Français,
 Et du proscrit adoucissent les larmes."
 Et puis la fée, avec de gais refrains,
 Calmait le cri de mes premiers chagrins.

Amis, hier j'étais faible et morose,
 L'aimable fée apparaît à mes yeux.
 Ses doigts distraits effeuillent une rose ;
 Elle me dit : "Tu te vois déjà vieux.
 Tel qu'aux déserts parfois brille un mirage,†
 Aux cœurs vieillis s'offre un doux souvenir.
 Pour te fêter tes amis vont s'unir :
 Long temps près d'eux revis dans un autre âge."
 Et puis la fée, avec ses gais refrains,
 Comme autrefois dissipa mes chagrins.

Remaining in Paris until he was nine years old, he witnessed what may be called the first overt act of the revolution—the destruction of the Bastille, of which, forty years after, he noted the exciting recollections while undergoing his sentence of nine months' imprisonment and a fine of 10,000 francs,‡ for the libellous and immoral character attributed to his songs, "Le Sacre de Charles le Simple ;" "L'Ange Gardien ;" and "Les Infiniments Petits." We extract the last-named.

* L'auteur fut frappé de la foudre dans sa jeunesse.

† Les effets fantastiques du mirage trompent les yeux du voyageur jusque dans les sables du désert ; il croit voir devant lui des forêts, des lacs, des ruisseaux, etc.

‡ The fine was paid by a subscription of Béranger's friends and admirers.

LES INFINIMENT PETITS, OU LA GÉRONTOCRATIE.

J'ai foi dans la sorcellerie.
 Or un grand sorcier l'autre soir,
 M'a fait voir de notre patrie
 Tout l'avenir dans un miroir.
 Quelle image désespérante !
 Je vois Paris et ses fauxbourgs :
 Nous sommes en dix-neuf cent trente,
 Et les barbons règnent toujours.

Un peuple de nains nous remplace ;
 Nos petits-fils sont si petits,
 Qu'avec peine dans cette glace,
 Sous leurs toits je les vois blottis.
 La France est l'ombre du fantôme
 De la France de mes beaux jours,
 Ce n'est qu'un tout petit royaume ;
 Mais les barbons règnent toujours.

Combien d'imperceptibles êtres !
 De petits jésuites bilieux !
 De milliers d'autres petits prêtres
 Qui portent de petits bons dieux !
 Béni par eux, tout dégénère ;
 Par eux la plus vieille des cours
 N'est plus qu'un petit séminaire ;
 Mais les barbons règnent toujours.

Tout est petit, palais, usines,
 Sciences, commerce, beaux-arts.
 De bonnes petites famines
 Désolent de petits remparts.
 Sur la frontière mal fermée,
 Marche, au bruit de petits tambours,
 Une pauvre petite armée ;
 Mais les barbons règnent toujours.

Enfin le miroir prophétique,
 Complétant ce triste avenir ;
 Me montre un géant hérétique
 Qu'un monde a peine à contenir.
 Du peuple pygmée il s'approche,
 Et, bravant de petits discours,
 Met le royaume dans sa poche ;
 Mais les barbons règnent toujours.

In the year 1790 he quitted Paris for Peronne, where he was confided to the care of his father's sister, who at the time kept an *auberge* in the suburbs. This worthy creature (now more than eighty years of age) has a right to some share in that celebrity of her nephew, which she is still able to appreciate. It was to the excellent advice of this kind and pious relation, that he was mainly indebted for his early instruction and first acquaintance with books. Notwithstanding these favourable circumstances, the naturally free and satirical disposition of the boy manifested itself in various involuntary out-breaks. Thus, when at twelve years old he was unfortunately struck by lightning, by which his life was endangered, and his sight nearly destroyed, the first words he uttered

when recovering from the shock were : "What was the use now of all your holy water ?" the good woman having, at the commencement of the thunder-storm, profusely sprinkled every part of the house.

About this time the heart-stirring stanzas of the *Marseillaise*, and the cannon from the ramparts of Peronne, announcing the deliverance of Toulon from the English, aroused the patriotic sympathies of young Béranger. He had already entered as an apprentice, when about fourteen, at the printing establishment of M. Laisné, where he began to acquire the first rules of grammar and orthography ; but his real instruction, that which most of all contributed to the development of his intelligence and moral sentiments, was the primary school founded by M. Bellanglise, a former member of the Legislative Assembly, who in his enthusiasm for Jean Jacques Rousseau, had fancied an institute for children on the principles of that citizen-philosopher. This seminary united the functions of a Jacobin club and a federal camp. The lads were attired in something like a military uniform ; and on all public occasions they made speeches, appointed deputations, voted addresses, and wrote despatches to citizen Robespierre or citizen Tallien. Young Béranger was the most influential orator, and the regular state secretary in the composition of protocols. These exercises, while they stimulated his taste, formed his style, and enlarged his knowledge of history and geography, had also the effect of leading his mind to the early consideration of national affairs, and, in a manner, of allying his youthful feelings to the interests of his country. But in this truly republican education the learned languages were not taught ; and of course De Béranger did not acquire them.

At the age of seventeen he returned to his father at Paris, with a tolerable ground-work of information, and the excellent moral lessons of his kind-hearted aunt. About a year afterwards, it would seem that the idea of becoming a poet had first glanced through his mind ; suggested, no doubt, by his having attended some theatrical performances ; and in consequence his first literary dream was to write a play. He sketched out the plan of a comedy, that he named the "Hermaphrodites," in which he proposed to satirize frivolity and effeminacy in men, and the ambition and intrigue of women ; but after having read, with profound attention, the inimitable works of Molière, he relinquished, from respect for that great master, an attempt of such overpowering difficulty. Molière, as well as La Fontaine, were, however, always his favourite authors : he deeply studied their style, their verse, and their most minute details of observation. It was by such means, that he was enabled to discover, to feel, and to estimate, his own degree of acquirement.

These unsuccessful essays were, however, not without their use, if, as we may fairly suppose, his songs have thence derived that dramatic cast which constitutes one of their greatest charms. Amidst such profusion and such excellence, it is difficult to make a selection that shall be within reasonable limits ; but the following may be safely quoted, as combining several of the various qualities that distinguish this eminent man's productions, and affording at the same time ample proof of the versatility of his genius :—

LE VIEUX CAPORAL.

1829.

En avant ! partez camarades ;
L'arme au bras, le fusil chargé,
J'ai ma pipe et vos embrassades ;
Venez me donner mon congé.
J'eus tort de vieillir au service ;
Mais pour vous tous, jeunes soldats,
J'étais un père à l'exercice.

Conserits, au pas ;
Ne pleurez pas,
Ne pleurez pas ;
Marchez au pas,

Au pas, au pas, au pas, au pas !

Un morveux d'officier m'outrage ;
Je lui fends ! il vient d'en guérir,
On me condamne, c'est l'usage :
Le vieux caporal doit mourir ;
Poussé d'humeur et de rogomme,
Rien n'a pu retenir mon bras.
Puis, moi, j'ai servi le grand homme.

Conscrits, au pas ;
Ne pleurez pas,
Ne pleurez pas ;
Marchez au pas,

Au pas, au pas, au pas, au pas !

Conscrits vous ne troquerez guères
Bras ou jambe contre une croix,
J'ai gagné la mienne à ces guerres
Ou nous bousculions tous les rois.
Chacun de vous payait à boire
Quand je racontais nos combats.
Ce que c'est pourtant que la gloire !

Conscrits, au pas ;
Ne pleurez pas,
Ne pleurez pas ;
Marchez au pas,

Au pas, au pas, au pas, au pas !

Robert, enfant de mon village,
Retourne garder tes moutons.
Tiens, de ces jardins vois l'ombrage :
Avril fleurit mieux nos cantons.
Dans nos bois, souvent dès l'aurore
J'ai déniché de frais appas.
Bon Dieu ! ma mère existe encore !

Conscrits, au pas ;
Ne pleurez pas,
Ne pleurez pas ;
Marchez au pas,

Au pas, au pas, au pas, au pas !

Qui là bas sanglotte et regarde ?
Eh ! c'est la veuve du tambour.
Eu Russie, à l'arrière-garde,
J'ai porté son fils nuit et jour
Comme le père, enfant et femme
Sans moi restaient sous les frimas.
Elle va prier pour mon ame.

Conscrits, au pas ;
Ne pleurez pas,
Ne pleurez pas ;
Marchez au pas,

Au pas, au pas, au pas, au pas !

Morbleu ! ma pipe s'est éteinte,
Non pas encore. Allons, tant mieux !
Nous allons entrer dans l'enceinte ;
Cà, ne me bandez pas les yeux.
Mes amis, fâché de la peine.
Surtout ne tirez pas trop bas ;
Et qu'au pays Dieu vous ramène !

Conscrits, au pas ;
Ne pleurez pas,
Ne pleurez pas ;
Marchez au pas,

Au pas, au pas, au pas, au pas !

It would be difficult to find in any author, more vivid and graphic description, more characteristic feeling, or more energetic expression in the short compass of a song, than are here displayed in that of the veteran corporal, on the eve of military execution. The ballad of "Jacques" is scarcely less powerful in its interest, though constructed of very different materials.

JACQUES.

Jacque, il me faut troubler ton somme,
Dans le village, un gros huissier
Rôde et court, suivi du messier.
C'est pour l'impôt, las ! mon pauvre
homme.

Lève-toi, Jacques, lève-toi ;
Voici venir l'huissier du roi.

Regarde : le jour vient d'éclore ;
Jamais si tard tu n'as dormi,
Pour vendre, chez le vieux Remi,
On saisissait avant l'aurore.

Lève-toi, Jacques, lève-toi ;
Voici venir l'huissier du roi.

Pas un sou ! Dieu ! je crois l'entendre.
 Ecoute les chiens aboyer.
 Demande un mois pour tout payer.
 Ah ! si le roi pouvait attendre !
 Lève-toi, Jacques, lève-toi ;
 Voici venir l'huissier du roi.

Pauvres gens ! l'impôt nous dépouille !
 Nous n'avons, accablés de maux,
 Pour nous, ton père et six marmots,
 Rien que ta bêche et ma quenouille.
 Lève-toi, Jacques, lève-toi ;
 Voici venir l'huissier du roi.

On conte, avec cette mesure,
 Un quart d'arpent, cher affermé.
 Par la misère il est fermé ;
 Il est moissonné par l'usure.
 Lève-toi, Jacques, lève-toi ;
 Voici venir l'huissier du roi.

Beaucoup de peine et peu de lucre.
 Quand d'un porc aurons-nous la chair ?
 Tout ce qui nourrit est si cher !
 Et le sel aussi, notre sucre !
 Lève-toi, Jacques, lève-toi ;
 Voici venir l'huissier du roi.

Du vin soutiendrait ton courage ;
 Mais les droits l'ont bien renchéri !
 Pour en boire un peu, mon chéri,
 Vends mon anneau de mariage.
 Lève-toi, Jacques, lève-toi ;
 Voici venir l'huissier du roi.

Rêverais-tu que ton bon ange
 Te donne richesse et repos ?
 Que sont aux riches les impôts ?
 Quelques rats de plus dans leur grange.
 Lève-toi, Jacques, lève-toi ;
 Voici venir l'huissier du roi.

Il entre ! ô ciel ! que dois-je craindre ?
 Tu ne dis mot ; quelle pâleur !
 Hier tu t'es plaint de ta douleur,
 Toi qui souffres tant sans te plaindre.
 Lève-toi, Jacques, lève-toi ;
 Voici monsieur l'huissier du roi.

Elle appelle en vain ; il rend l'âme.
 Pour qui s'épuise à travailler
 La mort est un doux oreiller,
 Bonnes gens, priez pour sa femme.
 Lève-toi, Jacques, lève-toi ;
 Voici monsieur l'huissier du roi.

In both this and the "Vieux Caporal" a clue is given to the bias of Béranger's political notions. The subject in each is the final result of laws, military and civil, broken or unfulfilled. Assuredly there was no desire on the part of the author, to neutralize or conceal his detestation of such severities. These latter quotations are of a melancholy,—a painful cast. Before we resume our crude notices of Béranger's career, we shall, for our own sakes, endeavour to smooth the reader's brow, by setting before him one of a very different description, not less vivid or less graphic than the preceding, and of a playfulness of satire equally national. The songs of this class are very numerous in the collection.

LE SÉNATEUR.

1813.

Mon épouse fait ma gloire :
 Rose a de si jolis yeux !
 Je lui dois, l'on peut m'en croire,
 Un ami bien précieux.
 Le jour où j'obtins sa foi,
 Un sénateur vint chez moi.
 Quel honneur !
 Quel bonheur !
 Ah ! monsieur le sénateur,
 Je suis votre humble serviteur.

De ses faits je tiens registre :
 C'est un homme sans égal.
 L'autre hiver, chez un ministre,
 Il mena ma femme au bal.
 S'il me trouve en son chemin,
 Il me frappe dans la main.
 Quel honneur !
 Quel bonheur !
 Ah ! monsieur le sénateur,
 Je suis votre humble serviteur.

Près de Rose il n'est point fade,
Et n'a rien de freluquet,
Lorsque ma femme est malade,
Il fait mon cent de piquet.
Il m'embrasse au jour de l'an ;
Il me fête à la Saint Jean.

Quel honneur !

Quel bonheur !

Ah ! monsieur le sénateur,
Je suis votre humble serviteur.

Chez moi qu'un temps effroyable
Me retienne après dîner,
Il me dit d'un air aimable :
"Allez donc vous promener ;
Mon cher, ne vous gênez pas,
Mon équipage est là bas."

Quel honneur !

Quel bonheur !

Ah ! monsieur le sénateur,
Je suis votre humble serviteur.

Certain soir à sa campagne
Il nous mena par hasard ;
Il m'enivra de champagne,
Et Rose fit lit à part ;
Mais de la maison, ma foi,
Le plus beau lit fut pour moi.

Quel honneur !

Quel bonheur !

Ah ! monsieur le sénateur,
Je suis votre humble serviteur.

A l'enfant que Dieu m'envoie
Pour parrain je l'ai donné,
C'est presque en pleurant de joie
Qu'il baise le nouveau-né ;
Et mon fils, dès ce moment,
Est mis sur son testament.

Quel honneur !

Quel bonheur !

Ah ! monsieur le sénateur,
Je suis votre humble serviteur.

Having abandoned all views in regard to the theatre, he resolved, for the purpose of satisfying his lofty aspirations for poetical distinction, to undertake the composition of an *epic* poem. Clovis was the hero he chose. The care of preparing the materials, the study of the character of the principal personages, the harmonizing of the different combinations, was to occupy several years : as to the execution, properly so called, he deferred *that* till he had attained his thirtieth year !

But, alas ! our poet's actual situation contrasted bitterly with these magnificent day-dreams. Eighteen months of comparative comfort and prosperity were followed by years of severe suffering ; and our unhappy young man was almost overwhelmed by poverty and destitution. He was driven of necessity to seek some means of existence, and turned his thoughts to an expatriation to Egypt, at that time in the power of the French army. A member of the grand expedition, who had returned to France (completely disenchanted by his adventures in the East), at once, by his advice, put an end to this brilliant enterprise of our poet.

Youth, with its powerful illusions and natural gaiety,—nope, confidence, self good-opinion,—those internal resources which seldom fail with the young, enabled De Béranger to triumph over adversity, and even in the midst of his most straitened circumstances to discover new sources of enjoyment. It was at this period that he became more intimately acquainted with all classes and conditions of what may be emphatically called the *people* ; and throwing off the artificial and the conventional of *society*, he set narrow bounds to his desires, still finding ample space for simple and unsophisticated pleasures. This was, in fact, the time of his boon companions and congenial amusements, which he describes with such truth and force of delineation, and with so much feeling of regret, in the following verses :—

LE GRENIER.

Je viens revoir l'asile où ma jeunesse
De la misère a subi les leçons.
J'avais vingt ans, une folle maîtresse,
De francs amis et l'amour des chansons.
Bravant le monde et les sots et les sages,
Sans avenir, riche de mon printemps,
Leste et joyeux je montais six étages,
Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans !

C'est un grenier, point ne veut qu'on l'ignore.
Là fut mon lit bien chétif et bien dur ;
Là fut ma table, et je retrouve encore
Trois pieds d'un vers charbonnés sur le mur.
Apparaissent, plaisirs de mon bel âge,
Que d'un coup d'aile a fustigés le Temps,
Vingt fois pour vous j'ai mis ma montre en gage,
Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans !

Lisette ici doit surtout apparaître,
Vive, jolie, avec un frais chapeau :
Déjà sa main à l'étroite fenêtre
Suspend son schall en guise de rideau.
Sa robe aussi va parer ma couchette ;
Respecte, Amour, ses plis longs et flottants,
J'ai su depuis qui payait sa toilette.
Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans !

A table un jour, jour de grande richesse,
De mes amis les voix brillaient en chœur,
Quand jusqu'ici monte un cri d'allégresse :
A Marengo Bonaparte est vainqueur !
Le canon gronde ; un autre chant commence ;
Nous célébrons tant de faits éclatants.
Les rois jamais n'envahiront la France,
Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans !

Quittons ce toit où ma raison s'enivre.
Oh ! qu'ils sont loin ces jours si regrettés !
J'échangerais ce qu'il me reste à vivre
Contre un des mois qu'ici Dieu m'a comptés.
Pour rêver gloire, amour, plaisir, folie,
Pour dépenser sa vie en peu d'instant,
D'un long espoir pour la voir embellie,
Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans

"I was so poor at this time," he states in a letter to a friend, "that a little party of pleasure compelled me to live for a week on gruel that I used to make for myself, all the while piling rhyme upon rhyme, and still full of ambitious hopes of future g'ory. My eyes involuntarily fill with tears at the recollection of th's joyous epoch of my life, when without a certainty even of my daily bread, with but little knowledge, and destitute of every thing like patronage, I still could indulge in gay visions of future times without neglecting the enjoyments of the present."

Nevertheless this continual struggle with poverty and all the evils

attendant upon it, was succeeded by a depression and hopelessness from which our poet was happily relieved by the benevolence, equally noble and unexpected, of Lucien Bonaparte, whose generous protection Béranger gratefully records in the dedication of his last series of "Chansons." In this dedication, which equally does honour to both parties, it appears that Lucien strongly urges his *protégé* to pursue those higher walks of poetry which he had formerly contemplated, &c., &c. Literary glory was the constant object of Béranger's ardent imagination, and the influence of M. de Chateaubriand's works on our young aspirant had been sudden and powerful. His youthful patriotism had not abandoned him; but it was with reserve and hesitation that his feelings turned towards Napoleon, who had now grasped the empire. His admiration of Chateaubriand suffered no change; and the religious inspirations of that impassioned genius revived in De Béranger some of the feelings of which his good aunt of Peronne had sown the seeds. The author of the "Génie du Christianisme" made our young poet acquainted with the simple and severe grandeur of the antique taste and the sublime beauties of the Bible. Forty Alexandrine verses, entitled "Méditation," which our author composed in 1802, are marked by a strong religious impression, and with great pleasure we cite, in proof, a short extract from them.

MEDITATION.

1802.

Nos grandeurs, nos revers ne sont point notre ouvrage,
 Dieu seul mène à son gré notre aveugle courage,
 Sans honte succombez, triomphez sans orgueil,
 Vous, mortels qu'il plaça sur un pompeux écueil.
 Des hommes étaient nés pour le trône du monde,
 Huit siècles l'assuraient à leur race féconde:
 Dieu dit; soudain aux yeux de son peuples surpris
 Et ce trône et ces rois confondent leurs débris;
 Les uns sont égorgés, les autres en partage
 Portent au lieu de sceptre un bâton de voyage,
 Exilés, et contrains, sous le poids des rebuts,
 D'errer dans l'univers qui ne les connaît plus. &c.

The taste of De Béranger for truth and simplicity, was farther displayed in a short poem of four parts, called "Le Pèlerinage," in which he endeavours to unite pastoral manners with Christian principles and morals. The epoch chosen was the sixteenth century, and all mythological imagery is carefully excluded. Without affirming that the author has succeeded in producing a work of much novelty or interest, we cannot but do justice to his general intention, and to the successful manner in which the details are occasionally wrought out. We may be permitted to quote some lines from the concluding part, in which the expression is at least just and poetical. The feeling of regret which De Béranger has suffered to escape, is simple and affecting. The poet, who at twenty-two years of age has so much distrust of his own powers, and so happily expresses that sentiment, need not surely despair of the future.

Pourquoi faut-il, dans un siècle de gloire,
 Mes vers et moi, que nous mourrions obscurs.
 Jamais, hélas ! d'une noble harmonie,
 L'antiquité ne m'apprit les secrets.
 L'instruction, nourrice du génie,
 De son lait pur ne m'abreuva jamais.
 Que demander à qui n'eut point de maître ?
 Du malheur seul les leçons m'ont formé,
 Et ces épis que mon printemps vit naître
 Sont ceux d'un champ où ne fut rien semé.

Addressing himself at another part of the poem to M. Lucien Bonaparte, then an exile at Rome, he thus concludes :—

Vous qui vivez dans le séjour antique
 Où triomphaient les rois de l'univers ;
 Que reste-t-il de leur pompe héroïque ?
 De vains débris et des tombeaux déserts.
 Là, pour les grands quelle leçon profonde !
 Ah ! puissiez-vous, attentif à ma voix,
 Plein des vertus que le calme féconde,
 Aimer les champs, la retraite et les bois !
 Oui, fier du sort dont vous avez fait choix,
 Restez, restez, malgré les vœux du monde,
 Libre de l'or qui pèse au front des rois.

An academician, a poet, to whom Béranger (then quite unknown to the public) was one day talking of his *Idylles*, and of the pains he had taken to speak of every object by its name, without having the least recourse to fable or circumlocution, was astonished at his hardihood. "How would you, for instance," said the academician, "how would you deal with the *sea*—the *sea*?" "I would," answered Béranger, "call it simply and plainly the *sea*." "And Neptune, Tethys, Amphitrite, Nereus,—you would, without the least compunction, lop off all that at a blow?" "The whole of it." The academician was astonished. How, indeed, could an *academician* admit that it would be possible to compose a modern epic without the conventional machinery of the Heathen Deities!

About this time, having been recommended to Landon, the editor of the "*Annales du Musée*," Béranger was employed during a year or two (1805-1806) in the preparation of the literary part of that publication. The articles he contributed are distinguished by a picturesque accuracy of description, by a just feeling and appreciation of the natural beauty and simplicity of the paintings, and above all by the pains taken to bring forward the moral views, the profound thoughts, and the emotions of sensibility which inspired the great artists whose works he was reviewing.

By the friendly assistance of M. Arnault,* Béranger was admitted as a copying-clerk into the office of the university; a place he re-

* Antoine Arnault, Member of the Institute, a distinguished writer of the time, and author of the tragedies of "*Marius*," "*The Venetians*," a Collection of Fables, &c., &c.; he was exiled by the Bourbons on their restoration. Béranger was greatly attached to him.

tained for twelve years. His annual salary never exceeded 2000 francs ; but this, small as it was, sufficed for his moderate desires, and he never solicited for an advance. Reserving to himself his own thoughts and his own principles, he gave to his employers his time and his hand—not unlike Jean Jacques Rousseau, when that extraordinary genius engaged in copying music for a subsistence. Béranger did not lose this place till the year 1821. On the publication of his first collection of *chansons*, he had been fore-warned by the authorities to be careful, as they might find themselves, another time, under the necessity of sacrificing (however unwillingly) some few of his lighter pieces to university decorum. This warning would even then perhaps have been acted upon, but that the author of “*Le Roi d’Yvetot*” was thought to be entitled to some indulgence for his loyalty.

LE ROI D’YVETOT.

1813.

Il était un roi d’Yvetot
 Peu connu dans l’histoire ;
 Se levant tard, se couchant tôt,
 Dormant fort bien sans gloire,
 Et couronné par Jeanneton
 D’un simple bonnet de coton,
 Dit-on.
 Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! ah ! ah ! ah ! ah !
 Quel bon petit roi c’était là !
 La, la.

Il faisait ses quatre repas
 Dans son palais de chaume,
 Et sur un âne, pas à pas,
 Parcourait son royaume.
 Joyeux, simple et croyant le bien,
 Pour toute garde il n’avait rien
 Qu’un chien.
 Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! ah ! ah ! ah ! ah !
 Quel bon petit roi c’était là !
 La, la.

Il n’avait de goût onéreux
 Qu’une soif un peu vive ;
 Mais, en rendant son peuple heureux,
 Il faut bien qu’un roi vive.
 Lui-même, à table et sans suppôt,
 Sur chaque muid levait un pot
 D’impôt.
 Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! ah ! ah ! ah ! ah !
 Quel bon petit roi c’était là !
 La, la,

Aux filles de bonnes maisons
 Comme il avait su plaire,
 Ses sujets avaient cent raisons
 De le nommer leur père :
 D’ailleurs il ne levait de ban
 Que pour tirer quatre fois l’an
 Au blanc.
 Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! ah ! ah ! ah ! ah !
 Quel bon petit roi c’était là !
 La, la.

Il n’agrandit point ses états,
 Fut un voisin commode,
 Et, modèle des potentats,
 Prit le plaisir pour code.
 Ce n’est que lorsqu’il expira
 Que le peuple qui l’enterra
 Pleura.
 Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! ah ! ah ! ah ! ah !
 Quel bon petit roi c’était là !
 La, la.

On conserve encor le portrait
 De ce digne et bon prince ;
 C’est l’enseigne d’un cabaret
 Fameux dans la province.
 Les jours de fête, bien souvent,
 La foule s’écrie en buvant
 Devant :
 Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! ah ! ah ! ah ! ah !
 Quel bon petit roi c’était là !
 La, la.

When De Béranger openly avowed opposition politics in 1821, he did not forget the former ministerial hint, and from the day of publication of his second collection, he absented himself from his office, and the administration immediately made known to him his dismissal. From 1809 to 1814, he continued his silent and quiet studies, and

once more turned his attention to the theatre; but it was no longer with the same eagerness as in past times; the pleasure he found in freely expressing his thoughts in *chansons*, prevailed over every other scheme that occasionally suggested itself. The writing of his songs was always an enjoyment to him, and at this period they were produced almost without an effort; though this extreme facility failed him latterly: or, perhaps it might be said, that less negligence and a higher degree of finish, more than supplied its place. At all events, his lively imagination, his picturesque style, his deep-studied versification, and rich phraseology, were more and more displayed as he proceeded.

His political songs are numerous, and, with a people so excitable as the French, must have been highly influential. He was twice prosecuted by the government of the day, and twice suffered imprisonment: once for three months in St. Pélagie in 1822; and for nine months in 1829 in La Force, as previously stated. The Vaudeville and the Chanson may be said to be truly indigenous in France; and although with us in England the fine sea-songs of Dibdin were extensively and justly popular, they were so, chiefly, from their relation to a favourite service, and were free from all party spirit. With our lively neighbours, their extreme susceptibility, co-operating with their universal passion for their own national music, and the wide range of subject to which the stimulus of sparkling wit and the keenest satire was applied, rendered such a man as De Béranger a most formidable opponent to any administration. His patriotism was never questioned: indeed, a truer Frenchman did not exist; and his political independence was not to be shaken. During the hundred days, the lucrative office of censor of the press was proposed to him, which he at once refused. The same feeling of self-respect and consistency had induced him as resolutely to decline a situation in the *bureaux* of M. Lafitte, a seat in the academy, an invitation to court, &c. He perfectly understood his position as the national minstrel, and adhered to it. De Béranger's songs were heard in the workshops, in the fields, in the cabarets, in the guingettes; in short, every where: he was essentially the poet of the people. It will be seen from the following selections from what he produced while within the walls of St. Pélagie and La Force, that his spirit was not dismayed under the privation of his liberty.

LA LIBERTE'.

Première Chanson faite a Sainte Pélagie.

1822.

D'un petit bout de chaîne
Depuis que j'ai tâté,
Mon cœur en belle haine
A pris la liberté.
Fi de la liberté!
A bas la liberté!

Marchangy, ce vrai sage,
M'a fait par charité
Sentir de l'esclavage
La légitimité.
Fi de la liberté!
A bas la liberté!

Plus de vaines louanges
Pour cette déité,
Qui laisse en de vieux langes
Le monde emmailloté !
Fi de la liberté !
A bas la liberté !

De son arbre civique
Que nous est-il resté ?
Un bâton despotique,
Sceptre sans majesté.
Fi de la liberté !
A bas la liberté !

Interrogeons le Tibre ;
Lui seul a bien goûté
Sueur de peuple libre,

Crasse de papauté.
Fi de la liberté !
A bas la liberté !

Dù bon sens qui nous gagne
Quand l'homme est infecté,
Il n'est plus dans son baigne
Qu'un forçat révolté.
Fi de la liberté !
A bas la liberté !

Bons porte-clefs que j'aime,
Geôliers pleins de gaîté,
Par vous au Louvre même
Que ce vœu soit porté :
Fi de la liberté !
A bas la liberté !

LES DIX MILLE FRANCS.

La Force.

1829.

Dix mille francs, dix mille francs d'amende !
Dieu ! quel loyer pour neuf mois de prison !
Le pain est cher et la misère est grande,
Et pour long-temps je dine à la maison.
Cher président n'en peut-on rien rabattre ?
"Non ! non ! jeûnez et vous et vos parents.
Pour fait d'outrage aux enfants d'Henri quatre,
De par le roi, payez dix mille francs."

Je paierai donc ; mais, las ! que va-t-on faire
De cet argent que si bien j'emploierais ?
D'un substitut sera-t-il le salaire ?
D'un conseiller paiera-t-il les arrêts ?
Déjà s'avance une main longue et sale :
C'est la police et ses comptes courants.
Quand sur ma muse on venge la morale,
Pour les mouchards comptons deux mille francs.

Moi-même ainsi partageant ma dépouille,
Sur mon budget portons les affamés.
Au pied du trône une harpe se rouille :
Bardes du sacre, êtes-vous enrhumés ?
Chantez, messieurs, faites pondre la poule ;
Envahissez croix, titres, biens et rangs.
Dût on encor briser la sainte Ampoule ;
Pour les flatteurs comptons deux mille francs.

Que de géants là bas je vois paraître !
Vieux ou nouveaux, tous nobles à cordons.
Fiers de servir, ils font au gré du maître
Signes de croix, saluts ou rigodons.
A tout gâteau leur main fait large entaille ;
Car ils sont grands, même infiniment grands.
Ils nous feront une France à leur taille,
Pour ces laquais comptons trois mille francs.

Je vois briller chapes, mitres et crosses,
 Chapeaux pourprés, vases d'argent et d'or ;
 Couvents, hôtels, valets, blasons, carosses.
 Ah ! saint Ignace a pillé le trésor.
 De mes refrains l'un des siens qui le venge,
 Promet mon ame aux gouffres dévorants.
 Déjà le diable a plumé mon bon ange,
 Pour le clergé comptons trois mille francs.

Vérifions, la somme en vaut la peine :
 Deux et deux quatre ; et trois, sept ; et trois, dix.
 C'est bien leur compte. Ah ! du moins La Fontaine,
 Sans rien payer, fut exilé jadis.
 Le fier Louis eût biffé la sentence
 Qui m'appauvrit pour quelques vers trop francs.
 Monsieur Loyal, délivrez-moi quittance :
 Vive le roi ! voilà dix mille francs.

De Béranger's works have been brought out successively in five divisions ; the first at the end of the year 1815 ; the second at the end of 1821 ; the third in 1825 ; the fourth in 1828 ; and the fifth in 1833. The publication of 1821 caused him his first imprisonment, and that of 1828 his second and more severe one. While the poet himself was fast secured behind the iron bars of a prison, his popularity was extending its range to every town, village, and hamlet in the kingdom : thus deeply mortifying the susceptibilities of power, and making known to the people at the same time, that it was not in palaces or mansions only, that their truest and most disinterested defenders were to be found.

In a very able and spirited address prefixed to his last series, he takes his final leave of the public as a *chansonnier*. Though this address, from its nature, must necessarily be egotistical, yet the vanity of the author—and who of the “*genus irritabile vatum*” is without it?—the vanity of the author is rendered, perhaps, more conspicuous by the assumption of that most transparent of all coverings (except to the individual himself), a veil of extreme modesty and self-disqualification. It has, however, considerable interest, notwithstanding this trifling drawback, if indeed it be one at all. The public are given to understand that they have received the last of his *chansons*, though he does not intend to abandon his literary labours altogether. He hints, indeed, at the possibility of his occupying himself in his retreat, by marking down his recollections and experiences of the distinguished men of his time—a sort of biographical *catalogue raisonné* of eminent persons—which should at least have truth, impartiality, and plain sense to recommend it. De Béranger has retired to Passy, in the neighbourhood of Paris, upon a small competence—we believe a very small one—but sufficient for his moderate wants, and which, we sincerely hope, he may live many years to enjoy, in comfort and tranquillity.

We began our extracts with a *chanson*, in which his good fairy forms one of the *dramatis personæ* ; we close them with his last one, in which this kind protectress re-appears ; and with a few lines that he addresses to his present retreat, we take our leave of De Béranger.

ADIEU, CHANSONS!

Pour rajeunir les fleurs de mon trophée,
Naguère encor, tendre, docte ou railleur,
J'allais chanter, quand m'apparut la fée
Qui me berça chez le bon vieux tailleur.
"L'hiver," dit-elle, "a soufflé sur ta tête :
Cherche un abri pour tes soirs longs et froids.
Vingt ans du lutte ont épuisé ta voix,
Qui n'a chanté qu'au bruit de la tempête."
Adieu, chansons ! mon front chauve est ridé,
L'oiseau se tait ; l'aquilon a grondé.

"Ces jours sont loin, poursuit-elle, où ton ame
Comme un clavier modulait tous les airs ;
Où la gaîté, vive et rapide flamme,
Au ciel obscur prodiguait ses éclairs.
Plus rétréci, l'horizon reste sombre,
Des gais amis le long rire a cessé.
Combien là bas déjà t'ont devancé !
Lisette même, hélas ! n'est plus qu'une ombre."
Adieu, chansons ! mon front chauve est ridé,
L'oiseau se tait ; l'aquilon a grondé.

"Bénis ton sort. Par toi la poésie
A d'un grand peuple ému les derniers rangs.
Le chant qui vole à l'oreille saisie,
Souffla tes vers, même aux plus ignorants.
Vos orateurs parlent à qui sait lire ;
Toi, conspirant tout haut contre les rois,
Tu marias, pour amener les voix,
Des airs de vieille aux accents de la lyre."
Adieu, chansons ! mon front chauve est ridé,
L'oiseau se tait ; l'aquilon a grondé.

"Tes traits aigus lancés au trône même,
En retombant aussitôt ramassés,
De près, de loin, par le peuple qui t'aime,
Volaient en chœur jusqu'au but relancés.
Puis quand ce trône ose brandir son foudre,
De vieux fusils l'abattent en trois jours.
Pour tous les coups tirés dans son velours,
Combien ta muse a fabriqué de poudre !"
Adieu, chansons ! mon front chauve est ridé,
L'oiseau se tait ; l'aquilon a grondé.

"Ta part est belle à ces grandes journées,
Où du butin tu detournas les yeux.
Leur souvenir, couronnant tes années,
Te suffira, si tu sais être vieux.
Aux jeunes gens racontes-en l'histoire ;
Guide leur nef ; instruis-les de l'écueil ;
Et de la France, un jour, font-ils l'orgueil,
Va réchauffer ta vieillesse à leur gloire."
Adieu, chansons ! mon front chauve est ridé,
L'oiseau se tait ; l'aquilon a grondé.

Ma bonne fée, au seuil du pauvre barde,
 Oui, vous sonnez la retraite à propos.
 Pour compagnon, bientôt dans ma mansarde,
 J'aurai l'oubli, père et fils du repos.
 Mais à ma mort, temoins de notre lutte,
 De vieux Français se diront, l'œil mouillé :
 Au ciel, un soir, cette étoile a brillé ;
 Dieu l'éteignit long-temps avant sa chute.
 Adieu, chansons ! mon front chauve est ridé,
 L'oiseau se tait ; l'aquilon a grondé.

PASSY.

Paris, adieu ; je sors de tes murailles.
 J'ai dans Passy trouvé gîte et repos.
 Ton fils t'enlève un droit de funérailles,
 Et sa piquette échappe à tes impôts.
 Puissé-je ici vieillir exempt d'orage,
 Et, de l'oubli près de subir le poids,
 Comme l'oiseau, dormir dans le feuillage,
 Au bruit mourant des échos de ma voix !

ILLUSTRATIONS OF IDIOM—SCOTLAND.

FROM "THE LAIRD OF LOGAN."

AS LIGHT A GREEN.—A saying current in the district of Menteith, Perthshire ; meaning, "I have seen as unlikely a thing happen."

Will Shore, a person of disordered intellect, who wandered in the strath of Menteith, from Ben-Lomond to Kippen, and who only died in the beginning of the present year, though of a robust form, was lazy, and when labour was imposed on him always contrived to make his escape as soon as possible. Will had quartered at a farm-house, in the winter, for the night ; and the servant, resolved to have his assistance in thrashing out some oats, to make the morning as long as possible, started him at a very early hour, when they commenced handling the flail. Every now and then, Will went to the door to see if daylight was making its appearance. The strokes from the flail became more frequent as Will appeared to tire. At last, he went and looked over the half-door ;—still dark—no streak of light to be seen. "Preserve us a'!" quoth Will, "I hae seen as licht a green as it wad ne'er be day-light."

BROD, n.—The plate set on a stool at the entrance to the church, in which the gifts of charity to the poor are deposited, and on which one of the office-bearers of the church attends.

An elder, who had just been promoted to official honours, took his son with him, to assist in superintending the gifts. The boy, who wanted to make himself as useful as possible, noticed some passing into the church without putting any thing into the treasury, and called to his father, "Father, thae folks are gaun bye the *brod* without payin'."

One of the heritors in the parish of Old Monkland was appointed, on the occasion of a collection for repairs requiring to be made on the church, to superintend the deposits. A wealthy heritor and his guidwife passing, threw in a paltry sum. "Come back, laird," quoth the superintendent, "ye maun do mair for the *brod*, I'll no tak that aff your hand."

CLANJAMFRIE, n.—The Scotch synonyme for the “tag-rag-and-bobtail,” or dregs of the people.

Jaffrey’s Close enters from the Goosedubbs, and contains a very considerable number of inhabitants, many of whom are of questionable character. The waggish gentleman from whom the said close derives its patronymic, was once in company with a Highlandman of the name of Campbell, who was lording it over some of the Macs, &c., in the company, and boasting of the antiquity, great names, and numbers belonging to his clan. Mr. Jaffrey at once offered to take a bet with the Celt, that the clan to which *he* belonged was more numerous than his. “Your clan! *your* clan! who ever heard before now of the Clan-Jaffrey?” “Donald, I’ll let your friends here be the judge.” “Very well, then, five pounds to a shilling.” “I belong to the Clan-Jamfrie, so down wi’ your dust.”

EXAMIN, n.—An examination by a clergyman of the theological knowledge of his parishioners.

It is principally applied to the practice of the clergy, who appoint that those of their hearers residing in a certain locality, shall attend at a given place, generally a school-house, or barn of some farmer, to answer such questions regarding their knowledge, “life, and conversation,” as the minister may think proper to test their knowledge and practice.

Mr. Fullarton had advertised from his pulpit that he was to have a diet of examination in a certain district of his parish, Dalry; and on meeting Will Speir gathering eggs, he inquired at him why he never compeared at the diets of examination? Quoth Will, “Ye dinna gie fair play.” “Why?” said the minister. “Ye should gie question about,” answered Will. This point was settled by the parties, and Will appeared. Fullarton—“How many Gods are there, William?” Will—“There is but one only, the living and true God.” Mr. F. was proceeding with the second question, “How many persons?” &c. when he was interrupted by Will—“Na, na; a bargain’s a bargain: How many devils are there?” Fullarton—“I cannot tell.” “Is that the gate o’ ye already?” said Will; and made off with himself as quickly as possible.

FORGATHER, v.—To meet, to fall in with.

A certain shopkeeper in Beith had been indebted to the father of Will Speir, and Will, wisely for himself, thought that he should claim on the estate of his son; but the claim was not sustained. “So, your father is dead, Will?” said the person applied to. “Ay, ’deed is he.” “Well, Will, so is mine; and the twa can settle their accounts whan they *forgather*.”

EXTRACTS FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF GREGORY GREATHEAD, ESQ.

IN offering the following extracts to his readers, the editor holds himself perfectly absolved from the imputation of all irreverent desire to unveil the secret self-communion of the illustrious defunct, inasmuch as, from the peculiar style in which those extracts were written, it was evidently the intention of the gifted individual whose name they bear, at some period or other, to give them to the world. A sufficient reason for their not having been so made public during his life-time, will easily suggest itself to those who were familiar with his modest and retiring disposition, and indeed to all who call

MARCH, 1837.

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to mind the aversion which ever distinguishes the minds of truly great men—witness Byron, Rousseau, Galt, Sir Egerton Brydges, and others—to lay themselves open to the charge of vanity or egotism.

Doubtless, however, the indulgence with which the labours of autobiographers have been received by the world, encouraged Mr. Greathead to persevere in his projected work, and in presenting it to the public, the editor feels assured that its playful minuteness, and still more, the affectionate fondness with which the author dwells upon the pleasant reminiscences of his boyish days, will be sufficient to command both admiration and respect.

CHOICE OF A SCHOOL.

“THAT boy has a head,” said my father, who had sat some time leaning his own upon his hand, and now looked up with the satisfied air of a man who has made a sudden and important discovery.

“So I have often told you, Mr. G.,” calmly replied my mother, whose feminine quickness of observation had, it seems, hitherto failed to convince that male injustice which sometimes wilfully blinds itself to an object merely because it is not the first to perceive it.

“There is something in it too,” continued my father in a musing tone.

“So I have often told you, Mr. G.”

“Have you, my dear? and when?”

“Often—often—Mr. G., and surely you must have observed, yourself, that not a week has passed since Gregory’s last birth-day (he was seven, you know) without some proof of his active and enquiring disposition. Don’t you recollect his letting out Amy’s pet bullfinch, which she had had two years, to see if it would at once acquire its old habits of wildness? Don’t you remember his experiment with the cat and the parachute, and the train of gunpowder he had laid under the door of his aunt’s dressing-room when she had a dreadful headache, thinking that the sudden fright *might* do her good? Don’t you recollect—”

“Well—well—my dear, the hereditary ingenuity of the Greatheads will lose nothing in him; but still—care is needed—youthful talents must not run to waste; time is short, Gregory is seven, he must go to school.”

“School!” screamed my mother, “when—where—why—how?”

“Immediately, wherever we can find a fit place, because he is too clever for home, in a post-chaise,” replied my father, categorically.

“But, my dear,” remonstrated my mother—

At this inauspicious moment was I—the unconscious subject of debate—revealed in one of the distant garden walks, indulging my fancy for experimental philosophy, by attaching a small cracker to the gown of the nursery-maid, who was attending my little sister Amy, the unlucky owner of the emancipated bullfinch. The cracker, partaking of my impatience, exploded somewhat unadvisedly, burned my fingers severely, and frightened poor Amy out of her wits. There is a tide in the affairs of boys as well as men, and this ill-timed experiment gave a new and decided turn to the discussion in the drawing-room.

"I think you are right," said my mother, throwing up her brief, like the wise advocate of a worthless client; "he is really too rough a companion for Amy; I will have his things got ready directly; but where is he to go?"

"Why that is the question. My friend L—— once spoke of Mr. Wilkins' academy at S——; his three sons are there."

"At S——: oh too far," ejaculated my mother. "Colds—accidents—out of reach—Why not send him to Mr. Sweetman's, at Elvington?"

"Too near—half-holidays—sweetmeats—idleness. Mr. Coleman's at B—— would be better; a good middle distance, fine air, large play-ground, flogs occasionally. What is your objection *there*, Mrs. G.?"

"Why, my dear, only that the terms are so low; and that my grocer's son went to school there. Surely Mr. Everett's would be more eligible, his terms are——"

"A d—d deal too high, Mrs. G.," said my father, rather quickly. "His boys use silver forks, and drink wine at dinner. Why should I pay 300 guineas a year that Gregory may play trap-ball with the young marquis of P——, or Lord M——? But we shall never agree at this rate, I know of but one more, and that is my old friend Mr. Oldstyle—will that suit you?"

"Why, I think,—ahem—yes—But don't you think he is *rather* too—too—"

"He has sent out some excellent scholars," rejoined my father, slightly elevating his head. "Several distinguished men have been his pupils. Let me see; first there's Tom Dashwood, who entered the Spanish service, and rose to command a regiment."

"Dashwood," repeated my mother, thoughtfully, "Dashwood,—Was he not hanged, as a spy?"

"Hem—yes—in the execution of his duty, ventured too far into the enemy's lines: always a fearless rogue. Well, there is Billy Skipkins, most clever fellow, he who got the patent, you remember, for fire-proof hats, and waterproof hearth-rugs. Then, let me see, Matthew Meddleby, he was in the first class; we all knew *he* would cut a figure: he wrote a pamphlet, dedicated to Joseph Hume, a plan for paying off the National Debt by a penny subscription, together with a system for making ship biscuits from Canada timber, in which he gave the ministers such a dressing, that—"

"He was sent to Newgate, and fined 500*l.*," quietly observed my mother.

"The very best compliment they could have paid him, and, no doubt highly gratifying to his feelings as a patriot, as I remember telling him, when I paid him a visit of congratulation in prison. Poor fellow! he did not look altogether so pleased as might have been expected, perhaps owing to poor Mrs. Meddleby being dangerously ill, anxiety, and so forth, besides some little difficulty about raising the fine—never had a farthing to spare. Well then, my dear, look at Lord W——nt——n, never very clever at his books to be sure, but *now*, the first, aye, I may say the *very* first cricketer in Europe. Who else? oh, Harry Lovington, one of the first families in ——shire: he

ran away (by my assistance and advice) with Miss M——, the great Wiltshire heiress, and made his for——.”

“Her father’s bank failed last month. did it not?” asked my mother, “the great Baulkington estate is for sale, I see in this paper.”

“Ah yes, sad thing, every thing gone. I saw poor Harry in town three days ago, looking like a ghost; I called to him, but he only smiled grimly, shook his empty purse at me, and walked on. I *did* hear he was in the rules. Well, then comes Sam Trimwell, whose talents got him returned to parliament—”

“Was not that about the time his father bought the estate and borough of Little Smugglesby?”

“Yes, yes, probably. By the bye, Sam sent me his speech on the Peddlesworth road-bill, twelve written pages. Now, strangely enough, the papers one and all omitted it entirely, in their notice of that debate. The ‘*Courier*’ merely says the Bill was ‘agreed to,’ and the ‘*Standard*’ talks of ‘a desultory conversation of no importance or interest.’ Odd ideas of importance and interest have these gentlemen of the press! Well, Mrs. G., another of my old friend’s pupils was Bob——”

“Enough, enough, my dear,” said my mother, with a benevolent smile. “Six such instances as you have so happily quoted, besides one which you are too modest to mention, are quite sufficient to establish Mr. Oldstyle’s fame. Gregory can go next week.”

Accordingly, on that very day week, a large trunk lettered G. G.— and a little boy (*unlettered*) were deposited at the gate of Trainemwell House Academy, the former to be delivered to the present care of the mistress, the latter to that of the master of the mansion. Now, though my excellent mother had so peaceably yielded the point in dispute, her own private opinion respecting my future preceptor, may be gathered from the following somewhat unusual letter of introduction which I took from my pocket (considerably crushed and crumpled), and presented with a confident air, and my mother’s compliments, to that worthy man himself. First, however, let me be permitted to hint that Mr. Oldstyle was a man who had seen some sixty summers, and of course the proportionate allowance of winters; the latter seasons having apparently, as poets say, ‘shed their snows’ pretty liberally upon his head. His countenance had been very handsome, and the profile, especially the upper portion of it, displayed a remarkably fine outline and expression. One slight peculiarity which immediately attracted my notice, was a small but deep dent on the bridge of the nose, just below the eyes, which appeared to have been either formed by nature for, or actually worn by the spectacles which never left his brow. With Mr. Oldstyle’s mental endowments it will be hereafter my pleasing duty to make the reader acquainted: it will be perhaps sufficient to mention, that on the present occasion Mr. O.’s outward man was cased in such habiliments as the following:—A black broad-skirted coat of the workmanship of neither Stulz nor Nugee, containing pockets in whose almost unfathomable depths he was wont to deposit, during the current week, all stray articles and confiscated toys, until a general gaol delivery on Saturday reduced them to a

state of convenient collapse ; a long waistcoat with flaps, an heir-loom I believe ; black knee-breeches, rather threadbare ; grey worsted stockings, and most creaking and sensible shoes. A cane, the symbol of dignity only, for never, in the memory of the "oldest" boy, had it visited the shoulders of any recreant,—his better hand adorned, but was quickly laid aside to welcome his new pupil. Moreover the features of this truly excellent man underwent no change, while he perused the letter which I have kept too long from my impatient readers.

Greathead Hall, April 1st.

My dear Friend,

You will not, I think, be sorry to hear that our little riotous boy is gone to school. His talents, young as he is (just seven, you know), really develope themselves so rapidly, that his father and I have agreed upon the necessity of giving them some proper channel in which to expand themselves. He is gone—where do you think ? to Mr. Oldstyle, his father's old tutor, a gentleman whose ideas, like the cut of his coat, made a stand some half-century back, and have not since moved an inch in the direction the world is taking. He is literally a most bigoted member of that wise *clique* yeleft the "old school." Still, as he is an excellent man, most careful of his boys, and much respected by William, he will do, at least for the present, *faute de mieux*.

Thank you for the delicious cream-cheeses. Kindest love to your dear girls.

Yours affectionately,

CECILIA GREATHEAD.

P. S. The sweet bonnet you wore on Sunday ! was it from 'Le Magasin ?' I could not get near enough after service to ask you ; it was raining, and Mr. G. hurried me away to the carriage, lest the horses or myself (I don't know which he most dreaded) should take cold.

Worthy Mr. Oldstyle bore this little *contretems* with great equanimity ; not so my mother, who was dreadfully shocked at the solecism she had committed, and made a stern resolution never again to write two letters together without directing the first before she folded the second.

The excellent pedagogue was indeed all she had painted him. Innovation was his bugbear : change, the demon against which he was always prepared to contend, and without an equal or superior in his own little sphere, except indeed his wife (and who doth not cheerfully admit such gentle exception ?) Mr. Oldstyle, like the mad-cap prince of Wales, and his companions, though not precisely in the same fashion—

"doffed the world aside,

And bid it pass."

"Abroad" the schoolmaster might be as much as he pleased, but Mr Oldstyle was determined that he should also be *at home*.

W. H. S.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF LONDON LIFE.

PART THE FIRST. CHALCROFT.

(Concluded from page 185.)

CHAPTER V.

IT was the close of autumn, and seven years subsequent to the scene with which this narrative opens, that a gentleman became the occupant of part of a cottage in the environs of Brighton. He had but recently returned to England after a sojourn of some years in Germany; this he had himself announced when he became a temporary resident, and his appointments bespoke an abode in foreign countries. The weather at the time of his arrival was lovely, but he seldom profited by it. His occupation confined him to the house almost entirely. One servant, who had been engaged since his return, and who knew no more of his master than his name, and a little favourite terrier, whose attachment proclaimed a more lengthened acquaintance, constituted his establishment. A very short period enabled the inmates of the cottage to discover that his pursuits were literary, that in fact he was occupied in writing, either as an amateur or professionally. Equally evident was it, that whatever his present position might be, the sphere of its action was by no means that in which he had been accustomed to move. Still he seemed tranquil, if not happy: he lived exclusively to himself, appearing to shun the chance of being known: his walks, when he did indulge in them, were taken either in the twilight or at a later hour during the moonlight. His manner of living was plain, to homeliness: he drank no wine, his favourite beverage being coffee accompanied by a cigar: his habits were strictly regular, his bearing courteous, but reserved.

Such was Chalcroft! not from eccentricity, neither from choice, but from obligation. The death of his father had disclosed to him the real situation of his prospects, of which he had been kept in profound ignorance. He succeeded to an income nominally good, but burdened with many charges which the indolence of that father had permitted fearfully to accumulate. Some of these he was peremptorily called upon to discharge; renewed securities and premiums were to be given for the others; all his affairs were at sea, and they were in the hands of an inexperienced pilot. Upon the death of his mother, the only bar to a sale of his estate was removed; his patrimony was forthwith turned into cash; he lived, as we have seen him, upon the principal; he became, that which we now find him, a beggar! With the loss of fortune, however, did not come indigence. Slender as his stock of worldly wisdom was, his talents were of a far different calibre. Neither had his reading, or the cultivation of his mind, been lost sight of in the hours of his wildest extravagance. There might have been traced a method pervading his course of reckless prodigality, utterly at issue with the insanity by which he

appeared to court his ruin. Perhaps it was the most hopeless feature in the case.

Pursuing a career of tranquil industry and peaceful privacy, what had become of the thoughtless reveller of former years? Had his very nature changed—had his system been physically revolutionized—had the fire consumed itself, or did it but smoulder to burn yet the more fiercely for its suppression? Is there indeed such a thing as chance? or is the horoscope of all defined from the beginning?

The year drew towards its close, and brought with its approaching conclusion the season of kindly offices and social festivity. The cottage of which thus he had become the chance occupant was an abode of no pretension; yet as time made him more familiar with its arrangements, he could perceive an evident disparity between the house itself and the character of its domestic equipage. There was an air of elegance and costliness that pervaded all the social economy quite opposed to the homely appearance of the humble tenement. With its inhabitants he had held no intercourse, scarcely indeed had he seen any of them. His apartments were taken for him by the people of the hotel where he had put up on his arrival; they were in conformity with the description he had given of the residence he required—one of entire privacy; and for the rest, the pecuniary part of it, was transacted through his servant. Still there seemed to be an eye that watched over his comforts, a hand that supplied his wants ere they were expressed, and a taste that regulated and adorned his lowly home, not found by those who are destined to seek their place of rest among strangers. His meals, though simple, were always accompanied by some evidence that it was not the hand of a menial that had prepared or spread them: though it was winter, his breakfast-table was never without a bouquet such as the season afforded; all by which he was surrounded, whether seen or felt, was testimony of a solicitude and refined attention, that experience had taught him was not characteristic of ordinary practice.

The new year opened with a bright sunny morning, and, accompanied by his little terrier, Chalcroft at an early hour set forward on a ramble along that bold line of cliff, that, trending to the southward and eastward, stretches from the centre of Brighton to Beachey-head. This was his favourite walk, and having learnt that the day was to be a scene of a domestic merry-making, he went abroad with the intention of spending it from home, that his presence might not interfere with the social festival. A path of more interest for a mind influenced and occupied as his cannot be imagined, than that which, winding along the snowy, beetling precipices, leads the wanderer over downs of velvet, by the little hamlet of Rottingdean to the small neat seaport at Newhaven. Though lying within the very circle of courtly splendour and occupancy, the district is wild and desert as the border lands of Cumberland. From Rottingdean to Newhaven, a distance of almost six miles, there is not a habitation of any kind, save the solitary block-house of the coast-guard; its sole tenant the lonely patrol, who night and day is kept on the active look-out, from the facility which the peculiar nature of the coast and its proximity to the French main offers to the contraband trader. An employment of

more utter loneliness than that which these men follow cannot be imagined; and to the gloom which attaches to it by day, is added that of great peril during those hours when darkness and tempest destroy all trace of the faint, ill-defined track which marks the line of their walk close to the edge of the cliff. To reduce, if not obviate, the danger of this precarious path, small heaps of lime are placed at intervals along it, which, thrown into relief by the dark green sward, serve as signals to guide the wayfarer of the night. Notwithstanding this precaution, no winter passes without contributing its victim to the ghastly mutilated catalogue that this hazardous service annually furnishes. It is during the moonless nights of winter that the smuggler exercises with double boldness and activity his daring traffic. At such a season, when the snow obliterates all existence of those marks, and the obscurity of the grave clothes the scene of his watch, the danger to which the coast-guard man is exposed is fearful. His wily foe is fully aware of the odds thus thrown in his favour; the consequences often involving a fate that humanity recoils from.

A strong breeze tossed the breakers in snow heaps at the foot of the cliffs along which Chalcroft pursued his morning ramble. Perhaps there is no condition of human nature so desperate, in which it becomes utterly insensible to all external influences. He who now breasted the glad wind, and cast his eyes over the billows dancing in sun-light and glory, felt his spirit acknowledge the power that thus cheered and exhilarated all creation. How lately, with a throbbing temple and sickness of heart, had he risen from a couch whose slumbers were scared by many a bitter recollection, to mingle with an universe of gladness, in which all the sons of God are singing for joy! How beautiful and how true is the strain of the minstrel of the harp of Sion, who telleth that "heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh with the morning!"

It was already some hours in the night before he turned to retrace his way homewards from the little village at which his solitary dinner had been eaten. The day which had begun in brightness had closed with sleet and storm; it was a wild way that led to the point he sought, whatever path he might select, and it was a welcome sight the first glimpse that told his humble roof was at length before him. It was late, as, tempest-worn and drenched with rain and sleet, he entered his little parlour; a cheerful fire blazed in the hearth, all its appendages bespoke comfort, he felt for the first time for years the most affecting of all sensibilities, the heart's fondest cherished emotion, the greeting of home! All was still within, the mirth and festivity to which the day had been devoted had yielded to silence and repose; not a sound was heard save the wind which howled and raged without. As he stood for a moment listening to the elemental strife, he thought he distinguished something strike the door of his apartment. He listened, and the sound was repeated: it was of some one seeking admission, and presently the door opened. The intruder of so unseasonable an hour bore a small salver, upon which was a glass containing some description of liqueur; this she placed upon the table, and as she passed again towards the door, said, in a

voice whose tone seemed to express a doubt as to the reception the offering might meet, "I have ventured to bring this glass of cordial as a preventive to the consequences of exposure to such a night—may I trust that you will pardon the liberty, and extend it also to a request that you will not again unnecessarily venture abroad in such weather or at such hours?" No reply was waited for—with the last words she had left the room. There was little discernment requisite to detect, in the agent of this kind consideration, the source whence the daily attentions of which he was the object proceeded. Although Chalcroft had seen her before, their acquaintance had never exceeded a passing bow, and its slight acknowledgment; it was the first time they had ever spoken. The master of the house he had never met, and to the report of his servant alone he owed the knowledge of the existence of such a person. He learnt merely that once or twice a week, at a late hour, that individual used to arrive, and depart again in the morning as soon as it was light. It was understood that he was in business in an adjoining town; still there appeared something obscure about him. He usually spent his Sundays with the family, but rarely, if ever, upon those days was he known to leave the house. The servant who furnished this account would have enlarged upon it, had he received encouragement—he did allude to an evident want of cordiality that awaited him on his arrivals—to an unsatisfied manner upon his part—upon hers a disposition to avoid and retire from his reception, when the progress of his communication was abruptly put a stop to.

The succeeding morning brought a hope "that the severe night to which he had been exposed had not produced any bad consequences to Mr. Leslie," the name which Chalcroft had assumed when he quitted England on the total wreck of his fortune. The acquaintance thus begun advanced with a rapid course; from cordiality the step was short to esteem—to intimacy—to a reciprocity of regard whose progress bade defiance to limit—to an attachment whose career was brief as its catastrophe was disastrous.

CHAPTER VI.

A very concise allusion to one, whose story will develop itself in the action of the narrative, will be sufficient in this place. Little more than a month had elapsed since the commencement of a connexion into which the very soul of Chalcroft had thrown itself. The energies which had slept for years had been awakened to a new and intense existence. His life assumed a force and spirit of which till now it had seemed incapable. Fate, chance, or destiny, had effected that moral revolution which one, whom I am proud to write my friend, has typified in her powerful allegory of "*Frankenstein*." Being had been given to a spirit which once called from "the vasty deep" of human passion, like the monster-labour of the German philosopher, laughed to scorn the power of the charmer by whom it had been summoned! We have seen how little suited he was, whose fortunes this sketch would portray, to resist the allurements whose appeals were only to the senses; how much the less fitted then would

he be to strive against a sentiment whose flood of softness gushes from the life-spring of all mortal feeling.

I have said that the dwelling of which he had become the occupant accorded but little with the style of its appointments, still less did she, who appeared in character of its domestic directress, harmonize with her vocation. In stature she was above the common standard, her figure exquisitely moulded, her manner timid and retired. The fashion of her costume bespoke a faultless taste; her habits and pursuits were refined, every expression was eloquent of a cultivated vocabulary; in courtesy of mien, and elegance of deportment, you had the assurance of a polished and finished education. Such was the woman with whom accident had brought Chalcroft in contact; enacting a part clearly opposed to her inclination, and for which she was utterly unsuited. Such was the being with whom, in utter ignorance and carelessness of all, save the love with which he worshipped her, he had united himself by an obligation which society does not recognise: surrendering to a passion whose earliest victim bartered a human immortality for reproach, and shame, and death.

The first fruits of bitterness, which were the produce of this ill-omened connexion, were the domestic bickerings to which, in its stage of suspicion, it gave rise. It was impossible that it could long be concealed: from the first Chalcroft was opposed to any thing like a tortuous course, yielding his own stern sense of single-minded integrity only to the energetic eloquence with which she besought that the disclosure might be divested of the sharpness of abrupt revelation. As usual, these precautions were worse than useless. A very short period intervened between the first dawning of doubt, till mistrust settled into conviction. To the coldest, most blunted sensibilities, it is an ordeal of no ordinary difficulty to confront a man upon whom the outrage has been perpetrated that they commit who separate a husband from his wife. To one of the acute feeling and quick nature of Chalcroft, it was the most severe moral trial to which he could be exposed. It was not, however, to be avoided, and for the first time he found himself with him whom he had thus injured. Nature had made Chalcroft of cool and deliberate courage, his profession established a fearless, perhaps a haughty superstructure, upon the foundation. Thus constituted, though he did not seek, he certainly did not attempt to shrink from the interview. The first moments of that meeting served to divest it of all the perplexity with which he had invested it. The person, whom he pictured to himself as bowed down beneath the burden of bereavement, broken and prostrate in spirit, stood before him in the broad glaring relief of unmitigated ruffianism. His figure was short, muscular, and brawny; his features were regular, his appearance such as might be termed well-looking, but the expression of the whole was singularly unfavourable. His countenance, the cast of which in its best mood was sinister and repulsive, bore as he abruptly entered the apartment the stamp of a demon; in a moment his grasp was upon Chalcroft's throat, in another he lay extended at his feet. "You brought it upon yourself," said Chalcroft, as he stood over the fallen man, from a wound in whose temple the blood was gushing, "you should have

kept your hands off me—I would not injure you more than I have done—I am sorry that I struck you: the blow was instinctive—had you left me the power to think, it had not been given.”

The die had been thrown, the hazard decided; within an hour the irrevocable step was taken, and two more were added to the fatal list, whereon are written the names of all who have passed that social pale within which there is no return. Situated as they were, it was immaterial whither they went, and the carriage had entered Worthing almost before they were conscious that their journey had begun. “Leslie,” said his companion, whose wan look bore testimony that she spoke truly, “let us remain here, at least for a short space—I am weary, ill: beside I have much to say that will regulate the future.” “Be it so, Jane, dearest,” was the reply; “so that you are with me all places are alike—paradise!”

An untasted dinner had been removed, and they sat together at a window as the last tint of sunset lingered upon the waters. The moon was already up: it was winter, but the queen of night had risen in radiance, while the silver veil that ever and anon threw its folds around her, showed, as it was gracefully withdrawn, earth, heaven, and sea gemmed with her light and glory! It was an hour for the soul to open itself: in such an one could two beings so placed have kept a thought untold? “You do not, you cannot love that man, my Jane,” said Chalcroft, as he gazed upon the fair and gentle creature at his side: “oh, would that you were free—that you would be mine—I too have much to tell you—but were it possible, say that you would be mine own in the sight of Heaven, even as you are in my heart’s idolatry.” “Oh, Leslie,” was her answer, as the rain of bitterness fell fast and scalding, “even that blessing is within my reach, but it kills me to know that it may not, must not be—do not question me now, all shall be told you to-night—now we return home—nay, do not start, you will find none there that you would avoid. I have cared for that—yes, Leslie, I *am* free! and though it be denied me ever to be yours, it is at least spared me to feel the passing wretchedness of being *his* wife!”

As they prepared for their return the moon shone out in lustrous effulgence, the clear frosty sky glittered with its countless gems: it was a night of loveliness. “Come, dearest,” said Chalcroft, approaching the sofa on which his gentle associate was at the moment occupied with an open volume, “come, it is time that we should go; let me put your cloak around you.” She arose, and pointed to the page she had been reading. “Love,” she said, “did I ever tell you that beside your favourite Jane that too was my name?” He looked—it was JEMIMA. Chalcroft shuddered, with an unsteady hand he placed her cloak upon her shoulders, and drew its folds together. A mirror, placed so as to reflect the view from the ample window, stood in front of them as they turned to leave the room. He raised his eyes to it, paused, gazed again, essayed to move, he was as a form of stone: his sight grew dim—a rushing as of mighty waters filled his hearing—the icy dew of the grave stood upon his brow—“the fire that never quencheth” had entered into his soul.

It was some hours before they left Worthing. The wind had risen, and howled wildly over the dark and heaving billows that came slowly rolling in from the southward, and broke sullenly upon the beach. The snow, which at first fell but lightly, was now whirled in wreaths around them, and their carriage passed silently over the surface upon which it already lay in sufficient quantities to cover all traces of the road. Of all without its tenants took little heed. They were each occupied by feelings which filled all thought and sensation: there was no room for other concern, where the breath that took the form of language was drawn from anguish, and spoke despair. No sound interrupted one syllable of the tale that froze his blood, or cheated the ear of Chalcroft of one articulation of agony. "It must be said," were the first words that convulsively escaped her who lay at his side bowed down by the prostration of bitterness; "all, all shall be told, though it kill me. Oh! too happy consummation were I but fit to die! Leslie, you will hate me—but better that for that which I am, than you should love me as that which I am not. I have been guilty, am degraded, debased; but, oh Father Eternal, if the world refuse it, thou wilt think upon mercy, when thou seest at thy judgment-seat one who in her weakness went forth upon her pilgrimage without guide to direct or friend to aid. I had indeed one who might have saved; but it was otherwise decreed. The early part of my life, dear Leslie, is to me a blank; the first of my recollection reaches to a school, whence I was removed while yet a little girl to the home of a near relative. That is the sole oasis of my existence to which memory can look back and smile. My uncle was a cold, reserved man, of whom I saw but little: my aunt was not a person to be loved; but they had a son, a boy rather younger than I was, the gentlest and kindest of all beings! You must not chide me when I confess to you how dear he was to me, while yet my affection was not a thing to spurn—God be praised that he at least knows it not even now. For some years after I was sent from my uncle's I was *en pension* at a convent at Montpelier. My aunt, to whom I always looked in the place of a parent, used occasionally to correspond with me. A gentleman, who was proceeding into Switzerland, was the bearer of a letter from her; he made Montpelier his way in returning—ostensibly for the purpose of receiving an answer, he visited me again. We had many interviews. I was induced to leave with him for England clandestinely; he was a villain, and in a short time I was deserted. I was in London alone, without friends. I did not dare reveal to my aunt my position: the sequel of my story is that of which there are so many thousand broken-hearted parallels. This is spoken calmly, my friend, yet do I feel that the revelation will shorten my life. You are cold, dearest, your brow is damp—ah, those tears too! oh, you indeed pity me—let me kiss them from your cheek—why do you turn from me? you do not hate me, Leslie! oh God, say you do not hate me!"

The drifting snow made the night as dark as if it had been moonless: it was a welcome veil that hid the pangs by which the miserable Chalcroft was torn. With an effort of desperation he gained

enough of power to say some words to re-assure her—he pressed the hand, which she had grasped, with wild tenderness—she felt his meaning, and continued her narrative.

“Through all the bitter vicissitudes of my fortune one hope alone supported me. You cannot know how madly I clung to it. I lived alone upon the strength with which the yearning of that desire supplied me—once again to feel that I was not a castaway, I struggled on with an existence that my soul turned from with unutterable loathing. Chance had led me to Brighton, where began my acquaintance with the individual with whom you found me. He represented himself as being under a temporary embarrassment, which he urged as a cause for delaying our union. Fate seemed to pursue me without pity; I had felt that from my first appearance in Brighton I was constantly watched by an old man: I could hardly endure his gaze, it was so intense, and its expression so mysterious. At the close of the first year of my residence there, this old man called at my house, and, without enquiring for me by the name under which I passed, merely requested to deliver a parcel into the hands of the lady herself. That parcel I received from him; it was accompanied by the same strange regard that had so often before excited my surprise and inquietude. Its contents was a letter, addressed to me by the name I had borne in the days of my innocence, and was superscribed, ‘not to be delivered till after my death’—it was from my mother! The tale it unfolded was a brief one. No allusion was made to my father—I was the fruit of a connexion formed previous to her marriage, to her husband I was known as the daughter of a brother who had died abroad—she, whom I had believed so long to have been my aunt was the sole parent of whom I have ever had knowledge. From that hour I have never seen that strange old man—sometimes I feel as though in former years I had met a person bearing resemblance to him—still that may be but imagination. It is well for those who have never known sorrow to speak counsel to the sons and daughters of grief—another thing, were they so placed, for them to practise what they recommend. The mariners of summer seas and sunny skies little know how they would guide the bark in darkness, tempest, and despair. For years, Leslie, have I lived the slave of that base and selfish villain. For him I have done and suffered more than I could tell you, and hold my scanty stock of reason. My energies have failed me even as most I needed them. Upon the bitterly bought relics of past years I have dragged on a life of wretchedness, while he has revelled upon the soul-earned pittance. To eke out what still remained, he induced me to adopt the expedient by which you became an inmate of that house of mourning and remorse—my tale is said—the rest you know but too well.”

It was midnight when they reached the roof which they had left in the morning. What events had that division of time unfolded to him who now returned beneath it! All there was tranquil; together they entered that little parlour where Chalcroft had passed the few dreamless hours of a fitful repose. To what a reality had he been aroused! “Jane,” said he, and he pressed his cold lips to her fair forehead, “leave me for to-night; I want rest; pray for me when

you are upon your pillow—again should you awaken ere the morning repeat the supplication. I too will pray for you then, as now—God of mercy! thou that hast promised that the broken and contrite spirit shall not appeal in vain—Father of pity and lovingkindness! deal with thy servant according to thy will; but oh! protect, support, and bless this stricken flower! shield, shelter, and defend this stray sheep of thy flock, Almighty Shepherd of our souls, even as thou hast deigned to assure us that thou wilt temper the wind to the shorn lamb!"

His servant, who was shortly summoned, placed by his master's orders some brandy upon the table of his sleeping-room, and left him for the night. The two apartments which had been selected for Chalcroft's occupation were upon the ground-floor, separated by folding doors, and each opening into the little pleasure-ground by which the cottage was encircled. The morning that succeeded was bright and frosty, the earth in her mantle of driven whiteness, which the early sun spangled with a blaze of radiance, had decked herself in the one gay habit which alone winter's gloomy wardrobe comprises. Chalcroft's habits were early, so that it created no surprise when his servant, who had been to his room at his usual hour, found it untenanted. It was otherwise, however, when upon subsequently visiting it he discovered that the bed had not been lain in, and that the little favourite terrier, the constant companion of his master's walks, still slept in its accustomed spot close to the bed-side. The room was in perfect order, all his toilet equipage and clothes were arranged in their habitual regularity. In his sitting-room his books lay undisturbed: upon the table his desk stood open—it was empty. Its contents had been burnt, the hearth being strewed with ashes of papers which had been but recently consumed upon it. Not a fragment remained entire, not a vestige by which his story might be traced who had been the occupant of the chamber. While this melancholy search was made within, the bell of the cottage wicket rang, and a feeble old man entered; he enquired for no one by name, but asked in a faint and agitated tone to see the lady. That interview was private, but in a few moments after his arrival, he was seen crossing towards the range of downs in the direction of the sea, with all the speed of which his tottering limbs were capable, accompanied by a female figure closely wrapped in the folds of an ample cloak, at whose feet crept a little dog that seemed moved by the very spirit of the form upon which it attended. The silence of that walk was not broken, as following a trackless path they at length reached an opening formed by a water-course by which the shore might be gained. Upon the beach stood a small group in anxious discourse: it consisted of a few neighbouring fishermen, and the coast-guard patrol then upon duty. It needed but a glance at those who thus approached, to tell that theirs was no ordinary errand. The sympathy and respect which sorrow ever claims from the rudest natures, evinced itself in the mute reverence that marked their reception. While the old man questioned, the frail companion of his walk leant on him for support. There was not a heart among that rugged company but stirred with compassion to see the fair bough in the

prime of bloom and beauty seek succour from the seared and withered stem. From the answers it was gathered, that at the grey of dawn the patrol had observed from the cliff a dark mass upon the water. This he communicated to the first fishermen he met: their boats, however, were at a distance down the coast, and the flood tide that rose some fathoms against the front of the cliffs prevented all approach to the beach—with the ebb they had descended to the shore, but all trace of that which had been descried floating at the flood had disappeared. Lower down the ebb had left a hat upon the shingle. She who had listened to this tale almost with the stupor of a corse, started from her living death at sight of this test of hope or despair. It was crushed and torn beyond the possibility of recognition: some initials had been discovered within the lining—she turned to them wildly—*they were not those of Leslie.*

They who noticed closely that old man's mien during that examination, felt that he assumed an interest that was not real—an ignorance that but lamely belied the truth. They had left the shore, and ascended to the downs, the stragglers still loitering behind them. As they passed above that part of the beach which they had but just removed from, some one observed the little terrier stretch himself along the snow upon the very brink of the precipice. Caresses failed to move him, they threatened too, but it availed not. At length a fisherman returned to force him away. As he lifted him from the ground, a handkerchief, which from its resemblance to the snow had not before been observed, was found to cover the spot upon which the animal had laid himself. Again a link of the circumstantial chain was furnished; it was handed to her whose wild concern during this sad search too well vouched for the part she enacted in it. One look revealed all the fatal certainty—"It is Leslie's—and he is lost!" It was an awful tone in which these words were spoken—a sentence begun upon earth and ended in the tomb. From a soul gushing forth its mortal agony came the tones in which it was commenced: ere it terminated the speaker had ceased to feel and to suffer!

PRAYER.

HUMBLD, yet vain—Oh turn my heart to Thee,
 Oh righteous Father! reconcile
 My thoughts and feelings to Thy perfect way
 Of peace and happiness. Oh deign to smile
 Upon my truant steps, that long astray
 Have wandered! Give me to see
 The wondrous harmony that links
 This desert world with glories yet to shine
 In the clear heaven of light, when fearful sinks
 The tide of time and death. Be it mine
 To fear Thee, love Thee, and obey
 Thy beauteous laws, while yet life's day
 Earth and its thousand vanities ensway:—
 Lead me to bliss and holiness divine.

E. W. G.

PASSAGES FROM A MILITARY JOURNAL.

ATTACK ON A SPANISH CONVENT.

"September 21st, 1812 : 9, P.M. Ordered at day-break to quit our position, giving place to a couple of troops of light dragoons—call in our patrols, and make for a convent some miles in advance. Building occupied by French infantry, who are fortifying its walls. Report goes they have several light pieces of artillery with them, and intend to make it a strong position. The French left, two or three leagues distant S.E. Directed, with the help of four companies of light infantry and two six-pounders, to beat them out, if possible, and establish our own soldiery within its gates."

ON a reference to my journal of the above date, I find the passage above ; and, as I perfectly remember the circumstances under which we were enabled to drive the French out of the position, will continue the narrative from memory. Some of the details may not prove uninteresting.

At day-break our trumpets broke upon our slumbers, if slumbers, indeed, we were enjoying, with the accustomed "boot and saddle." A few minutes served us all, I make no doubt, for donning our garments, accoutrements, and arms ; and, in two more, each man was at his horse's side, ready, at the word, to spring into the saddle.

"Mount !" was the word ; and, at the order, scabbards and sabretaches clattering, we placed foot in stirrup, and were instantly on horseback.

"Captain H——," said our major, "follow Captain E—— : yours is the second troop."

The requisite order was immediately given to the men, who, wheeling round, cantered after the leading troop.

"Do we wait for our supporters, Major?" said I, as I reined in my curvetting Bucephalus. "Where are the light bobs and artillery?"

"Ahead ; some distance now upon their way—but we shall soon overtake them. You are aware the forcing of this building will fall principally to their account. We are to cover their flanks, protect their advance, and, if necessary, cover their retreat. If requisite, we shall also assist in storming all defences we may meet with, cut off stragglers, and, if taken, spread ourselves around the building. We must part ; the last troop is now wheeling into marching order."

"Very good," said I, freeing the reins, and letting my courser prance over the ground.

Our way for some time lay through a straggling woody ground, sloping off sometimes, and sometimes rising abruptly. The morning promised to be fine, and the sweet fresh air, impregnated with the clear and sparkling dew of the very early hour, was both invigorating and exhilarating. Just as we emerged from some groups of cork trees, the sun shot redly up over a line of distant mountains, and began to shed a pale lustre through the trunks of the trees over the verdant surface of the ground.

We had ridden two or three miles, when we discovered, some distance before us, the four companies of infantry, with the two pieces

of artillery on their flank, halting for us to come up. They were drawn up in open column, and carried their knapsacks. The artillery-men were quietly seated on the gun-carriages and tumbrils, and were patiently awaiting the approaching addition to their not very formidable force.

In a few minutes we had effected a junction, and our major cantered forward to receive the next commands of the officer entrusted with the direction of the service.

"Major, well met!" said he, "the convent is not more than a league before us. We must now commence our dispositions for attack. Do you advance with your three troops, and clear the ground of advanced parties or stragglers, if you should meet any. The infantry shall, meantime, advance in column, headed by the artillery. When we get near the object of our attack, the artillery shall file off to the right, and commence a fire on the building, while our bayoneteers push boldly forward and endeavour to carry the place by a *coup de main*. When you have beat the ground before us, gather your skirmishers together, and close in to our rear. For further movements I will give further orders."

Our commanding officer pranced back without an answer, and gave the word, "Form into open order! Forward! March!" The clatter of our hoofs was the immediate answer to the mandate. The three gallant hussar troops whisked swiftly by the square of infantry, and were, in a few minutes, a hundred yards in advance of the whole body.

We continued, at a rapid pace, to sweep on for some time. At length, taking the word from the officer in command, the leading troop pranced off into skirmishing order, and, dispersing themselves over the ground, galloped hither and thither, though still in a forward direction.

Major B—— galloped up to my side. "What do you think, H——?" said he. "Did you observe a decent-looking old man, in the peasant's usual garb, by the side of Colonel —— when I joined him to ask further directions?"

"I did not," returned I. "I was in the rear of the first company of infantry. Besides, my men stood so close before me that I could only see those on horseback, and this man that you are speaking of, I presume, was on foot."

"He was," said B——. "Poor fellow! he has lost his daughter. She has been carried off by a villain of a French officer, and is now with the rascal in the convent we are going to attack. Four days since, the village to which the old man belongs was entered by a regiment of French infantry; they behaved in a most disgraceful manner, plundered the inhabitants of all they thought worth carrying away, and, among the rest, marched off with the old man's daughter, an only child, not more than sixteen, and, as her father says, a miracle of beauty. For that, however, we can only take his word. Do you feel knight-errant enough to attempt the rescue of this damsel in distress? I confess I feel inclined myself to lend a helping hand. The old man is inconsolable, as may naturally be expected. He left his village, and betook himself to head-quarters, hearing that an at-

MARCH, 1837.

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tack was meditated upon the building to which his daughter has been conveyed. Those to whom he addressed himself seemed interested in his distress, and turned him over to the colonel. He will, therefore, accompany us ; and Colonel —— has kindly promised to do all he can towards the recovery of his daughter."

"I am glad to hear it," said I. "If we take the place, of course we shall be able to give his daughter up to him."

"Not altogether sure," returned Major B——. "We may beat them, indeed, out of the building, but they may be able to scrape clear, and carry off their plunder with them. But how the matter will end, remains to be seen. Disperse your troops, Captain, and beat the ground as if you expected to meet a power of game. Here comes the infantry ! Adieu, Captain, for the present."

He galloped off, and I followed his example, together with my troop of hussars.

The ground was not over difficult. It was a kind of miniature plain, though not very flat ; skirted with bushes, and a few groups of trees ; a little broken, but covered with a luxuriant sward. On one side of us, however, was a deep pine-wood, almost forming a semi-circle around our *plateau*, and descending into a broad and beautiful valley, over which we could see the deep blue summits of a fine range of mountains basking in the radiance of a glorious Spanish sun. Pushing on a little further, the whole front of the ancient convent presented itself ; its grey walls and pyramidical turrets beautifully contrasted with the trees which surrounded its rear and flanks. As yet we could not discover that it was a strong position ; but we were soon undeceived.

On a nearer approach, the nature of the building became apparent. It was disposed in the form of a square, with old gothic turrets at the angles, rising in several stories, with battlemented parapets, bartizans, and little watch-towers. Each tower and turret was crowned with a cone-shaped tiled roof, and adorned with either brass weathercocks or crosses. Slips of windows studded these roofs, and the ancient grey walls were variegated with loop-holes, around which a number of creeping plants had gathered, giving a very pretty effect to the whole *contour* of this side of the building. The walls were high, and supported by a number of buttresses of various sizes and appearances. In the centre was an advanced tower, furnished with as many oddly-constructed appurtenances as other parts of the erection. A pair of huge gates led under this tower, strongly defended with iron work, and now blocked up with gabions. We could see that the walls were profusely pierced for musketry, and that several light pieces of artillery were mounted on them. How many were planted on other parts of the position we had no means of ascertaining.

But what tended to render the building a stronger situation was a deep, though not sudden descent on one side of the ground, and a proportionable rise upon that of the enemy. This *fossé* had, undoubtedly, once been supplied with water ; but, to judge from appearances, it had been dry for some time. Under any circumstances it was an awkward feature, since the enemy could have all the ad-

vantage of firing upon us with impunity while we were descending one side and mounting the other. One consolation was, that the edge of a wood drew so close to the convent on the right, that some shelter could be afforded from their fire.

The skirmishers had now beat nearly up to the edge of this declivity, but had met no obstacle save those presented by the ground. But we were not permitted to career with impunity much longer before the bristling walls. Some musket-shots were fired, which were the prelude to a more regular discharge. All we could do was to return the defiance with our pistols.

The infantry was now coming up at a quick step, in column. I saw the two pieces of artillery rattled up to the wood on the right, and the artillery-men leap from the guns and tumbrils. The word to "draw up," "halt," and "unlimber," sent the horses and drivers cantering to the rear, and in a moment or two the sponges were unfastened and handed over, and the company of each gun in their appropriate places.

The order was now quickly given for our three troops to close together, and betake themselves for the present to the rear of the infantry. So said, so done. All the hussars dispersed about, cantered their chargers once more into rank, and drew up behind the infantry, who were now filing off into line.

While this last operation was being performed the first report of our artillery broke on the ring of the hoofs and the tramp of the soldiers' feet. It was responded to by the dropping fire of the first company, which was just opening.

Nor were they silent on the other side. A simultaneous discharge of musketry rattled along the face of the building, and the cloud of smoke which was its consequence came driving and rolling full in our faces. Directly after, I heard the reports of some pieces of cannon boom out of the smoke, which were quickly succeeded by the vivacious rattle of a successive fire; now swelling, now sinking; now ringing with impetuosity, and then dropping into separated shots. I looked out to see the effect of this discharge. Some branches were flying from their stems; leaves were scattering; and, in one or two instances, full in the rolling smoke, I could see the figures of our infantry tumbling heavily to the ground. So much for our reception.

The smoke cleared a little away, and the eddies began to course swiftly through the wood on our right. The artillery were still busily employed. I could see the men running up with the charges, thrusting them into the pieces, levelling the sponges, ramming in the loadings, momentarily withdrawing from before the guns, bringing down the fatal port-fire, firing, sponging again in a second, and reloading. Our two six-pounders were certainly doing full execution, and I was surprised at the manner in which they were able to keep up their fire.

The greater part of the infantry was now ordered to betake themselves to the cover of the trees. In obedience to this command they soon wheeled off, and began a desultory fire on the windows, loopholes, and parapets, and wherever they could see a chance of their shots taking effect.

When the smoke intermitted, I could see that the walls of the convent were crowded with French infantry soldiers. Their artillery was still keeping up a deadly fire, cutting down the branches, and, in some places, felling the trees. Leaves were flying about as if in a tempest; and cries and groans, issuing out of the smoke, plainly told that the discharges of the enemy were as well maintained as they were fatal.

A strong fire of musketry now commenced upon our left. We soon found that the ground on the right of the convent was occupied with a strong body of grenadiers, who, if their fire was successful, plainly intended to charge our left and drive it from the cover of the trees. Our course was plain, and quickly adopted. An officer galloped up to the head of our body of hussars and ordered the major to charge instantly with the whole of his three troops. At the same moment an aide shot by with directions for a battery of fresh guns to be instantly brought up from the advanced guard, and a request to the officer in command for immediate reinforcements.

Loosing the reins, all the hussars threw themselves into column, and, wheeling rapidly round the infantry, dashed into the smoke that was rolling between our line of musketeers and that of the enemy. The rattle of the small arms kept gloriously on, varied at intervals with the bangs of the artillery. Our trumpets were sounding the charge with a vivacity that had a strong effect upon our spirits. Sabres were flashing around me, feathers streaming, accoutrements clattering, and hoofs ringing. Oh, the excitement of a charge! Horses and horsemen sweeping on either side in all the pomp of military pride; plumes, pelisses, sabretaches, scabbards, embroidery, shakoes flitting through the smoke, glittering of steel, snorting of plunging chargers, the roll of the distant conflict, the thunder of cannon, clouds of snowy smoke, whiz of shot, and tumble of tough and splintered branch! There is a fierce and intense delight in such a scene as this that carries away all its horror, and stirs up the soul till it transforms us into heroes.

The smoke was driving so about us that we could hardly see our enemy, but the swiftness of our charge soon brought us to their faces. Our attack was so tempestuous, that they had not time to throw themselves into squares. Quick as lightning—thundering on with the rapidity of the whirlwind—we broke into their ranks, and were treading them down before we could scarcely see that we were intermixed, pell-mell, with them. Sabres were flashing over their heads, and a number were cut down before they could discharge their pieces, or plunge their bayonets into our chargers or ourselves. Some empty saddles, too, I could see around me. Here and there hussars were tumbling from their seats and adding to the number of masterless horses that I could see prancing and plunging, galloping and reeling through the *mêlée*. Pistols were cracking—bayonets glancing. But our charge had literally *ridden the enemy off*. The line had given way, and the greater part of the defeated soldiery were flying in the most glorious route towards the rear of the convent.

Having broken up this position, and thoroughly dispersed the

whole body of the imperial infantry, we drew swiftly off, and once more wheeled round our own gallant red-coats, who were now pushing forward from the trees, and peppering brilliantly upon the whole face of the already half-shattered building.

An interval of about twenty minutes.

From the now constant reports of the artillery on the other side, I knew that the new battery had arrived and were already in heat of action.

Orders were now issued along the line of British infantry to push on in column, descend the declivity, ascend the opposite side, under the shot of the enemy, and storm the centre tower, forcing the place by either blowing up the gates or scaling the walls in front; ladders for the purpose having been despatched from the main body.

An aide gave directions to the officer in command of the artillery to cease firing for a short time, in order to let the smoke clear partially away and enable the officers to see a little about them. The enemy's fire had intermitted for some minutes, and only a few dropping shots fell from the walls.

The three troops of hussars were directed to dismount, quit their horses, and follow in the rear of the four companies of infantry. In the event of a lodgement being effected, we were destined to follow up the blow, secure the breach, and cut off all straggling parties of the enemy.

The artillery were directed to reserve their fire until an order was sent to them to re-open. After a round had been fired, the whole corps of infantry was to descend the bank and storm the tower in the centre of the building. The hussars were to follow close, leaving their horses under the charge of a portion of their number.

An interval in the attack now took place. The officers in command were organizing the light-hobs for the grand attempt, and were preparing to put themselves at the head of the advance. The guns and musketry on both sides were silent, and the smoke had cleared quite away—only to sweep more strongly over the scene.

At length all the arrangements were complete. The officers in command galloped to the head of the column, and an aide dashed along the edge of the declivity with orders for the artillery to commence a hot and well-continued fire.

All was again bustle among the artillery;—sponges, charges, and port-fires again in active service. The bang of the first gun rung on the atmosphere, and the globe of smoke which shot from its mouth, expanding as it flew along the ground, rolled quickly out into wreathing clouds, and at each increasing circle obscured a greater space. The column began to move. They had orders to descend in companies, the rearmost keeping up a lively fusilade upon the walls until it came to their turn to descend. Our first gun was answered by the musketry of the enemy, which rattled from to angle to angle with the most untiring ardour, and was succeeded by the louder reports of the ordnance. Clouds upon clouds of smoke were rolling, circling, and drifting to and fro, sweeping from the shattered walls towards our faces, and meeting those which poured continually from the wood on the right, where the artillery had now become invisible,

and the edge of the declivity now bristling with bayonets, and crowded with the British shakoes. Little, indeed, could those in the rear see of their companions in danger. Lines of caps and feathers, glancings of the bayonet, flashes of the muskets, and the ring of the ramrods were all that could be seen or heard.

The infantry were now fast descending the bank, and we began to advance towards the edge of the declivity. The rapid flashes which darted arrow-like out of the rolling smoke in the wood, indicated that all in that quarter were keeping up a brilliant fire. Balls were flying in every direction, and the shapes that I could see every where falling in the smoke, indicated that many were having their desired effect. The battle thundered on in the most invigorating style.

Bang!—bang! (the stunning reports of the artillery on either side)—crack!—crack!—crack!—crack!—rattle, rattle, rattle, (the lively roll of the heaviest fusilade I had yet been exposed to)—bang!—bang!—whiz!—(shots darting overhead, and singing the death song of many a brave fellow)—crash!—(a cannon ball tearing through the branches of a tree a little distance off, splintering some arms and sweeping off a quantity of others; blowing away their leaves in a shower, and pelting us with shattered twigs). Bang!—“Oh, my God!” “Are you hurt, Robinson?” “My wrist shattered with a musket ball, captain.” “Go to the rear: who is that just struck at your side?” “Milligan, your honour.” “Is he killed, O’Brien?” “Killed your honour, faith I don’t know. Is it killed you are, Milligan my boy?” A groan the only answer. “Carry him off to the rear. Forward, boys! the first company are forcing the tower!” (Two or three huzzas in the smoke rolling under the walls). Bang!—bang!—crack! crack! crack! rattle, rattle.

Shouts were ringing before us. We could scarcely bridle our impatience, and the sweeping pace at which we were advancing seemed hardly to satisfy our ardour. Little could be seen in the smoke. The dismounted hussars around, with their bared sabres, were, however, distinguishable enough. Their ranks displayed a quantity of intervals. A good many killed and wounded were extended or groaning on the sward. Blood was upon the grass; shakoes with torn and dusty plumes; embroidery defiled with gore; masterless sabres and swordless scabbards. As we swept on we strode over or stumbled at many of the light infantry soldiers, shot down in the ranks or torn with balls; abandoned muskets; officers pale as ashes; the scarlet of their uniforms yet redder; struggling to rise, or assisted to the rear by a few of their men. The rattle of the assault still kept on before us. I could hear the balls strike the walls in the smoke, and the tumbling or shattered bricks falling on the heads of the assailants, or ground to dust. Tiles were being struck off the roofs, rents made in the tottering walls, and large portions knocked off the buttresses, angles, and projections. The firing was very hot from right to left; but the speed with which the companies of infantry were advancing, and the consequent progress which we were enabled to make, was a cheering proof that some impression was being made ahead, on the defences of the enemy.

A heavy crash now shook the ground; part of the wall had fallen, and made the best breach one could desire. A shout came upon our ears out of the rolling clouds of smoke, towards which we were pressing. Crack!—crack!—rattle, rattle!—a destructive fusilade now commenced upon the whole front of the building, to clear the parapets of their defenders.

A few yards further and we were close upon the building. I looked back, but could see nothing of the declivity, and only a file of grim faces black with the smoke, and darting hasty glances on the walls above, the arrowy track of the balls and the falling forms of their crying comrades. Smoke was driving heavily out of the breach; but our musketeers were pressing through with the most glorious alacrity. The fusilade was still kept hard up upon the walls, and many bodies were tumbling down, pierced with balls or struck with the flying bricks and tiles. The British artillery now ceased their fire, through the fear of injuring their own men under the walls, and storming through the breach. The engineers at this moment came up and assailed the gates. After battering at them for a few minutes another method was adopted, and they were blown up! The infantry swept through, bayonets fixed, and in full cry. The hussars were now up both with the breach and gates, and dispersing themselves about, so as to secure the entrances, cut down a few stragglers who were under the walls, and firing now and then upon the storming party.

Our station was for the future to be the mouth of the breach, in which, however, there did not remain much more to effect. Gasping and wounded soldiers were lying about, some of whom I directed a portion of my men to raise and carry from the scene of carnage. The walls above us, as well as the angles of the building, were deserted, and the guns which had been mounted left standing. The moment we had forced the building, the first line of defences was abandoned by the enemy, who betook themselves to the rear of the convent, in hopes by keeping up a fire on us to effect a safe retreat, if they could not prevent the position falling into our hands. Shots and huzzas were still ringing within the area of the convent, and the smoke was rolling over its roofs. The artillery also recommenced a fire on both flanks of the edifice, where some straggling walls might have afforded shelter to the imperial infantry. The ground on each side was swept by the fire of the British artillery, so that a retreat could only be effected from the rear of the building itself.

After an interval of about twenty minutes, the firing dropped off into scattered and retiring shots; the smoke began to subside, and it was announced to me that the whole position was in the hands of his majesty's forces. Major B—— at this moment came up to the place where I was standing, and after directing the three troops of hussars to return to the opposite side of the *fossé*, enquired how we had fared in the assault.

"Not over well, I fear, Major," said I, "but I shall know when our muster roll is called over. You are untouched, I see."

"*Et vous, aussi, mon ami,*" he returned.

"Yes! under favour of Providence. You have beaten the French out."

"The infantry have; and the cavalry which have just arrived from the advanced guard are ordered in pursuit. This building is to be made a temporary position. Have you forgotten our poor peasant's daughter, and the giant of the romance in the shape of a French subaltern?"

"Have you rescued the poor girl, and given her up to her father?"

"The first is done, but the second is to do. The *inamorato* is our prisoner, and I have brought him along with me, together with the damsel; but under separate escorts. Campbell, seek the old man; you are acquainted with his person, and will easily find him: bring him here, and let him embrace his recovered daughter. I will take upon myself the introduction of the latter."

Campbell was saved the trouble of seeking him, for the old man now came up, having heard of our success, accompanied by some of our officers. When he was within three or four steps of him, B—— made a sign to the detachment of hussars, which he had brought with him, and they, immediately opening, disclosed the fair form of the party in question. B—— took her hand, and led her to her father. She darted towards him and fell on his knees, weeping: the tears of sire and daughter mingled together, and the *tout ensemble*, with the stern soldiery looking on in silence, made up a *tableau* which would not have been unworthy the perpetuation of an artist. The scene was certainly affecting.

My expectations had been greatly surpassed; she was really and truly beautiful. Her complexion was brilliantly fair; her hair long, silken, and dark as a raven; her eyes large, brilliant, and as black as jet, shaded by long lashes of the same hue; and her figure that of a sylph or fairy. Our *belle paysanne* was indeed a paragon!

After having for some time given way to the impulses of affection, father and daughter prepared to depart. A bow to the circle of officers from the sire, and a *general* courtesy with downcast eyes from the daughter, were the signals they were upon the move. It was with considerable regret that we followed them with our eyes as they slowly retired towards the convent.

A pause ensued, broken by B——'s order for the men to retire from under the walls and fall into rank. As we descended I enquired how the Frenchman defended his conduct.

"Very well in his way," said B——. "He did not see," said he, "that his being made a prisoner could make him accountable for any prior action. What he had done he had done; nothing that had a right to fall under the *surveillance* of a British officer. After that he curled his *moustache* and held his peace."

"The man must be a rogue," said I.

"Very likely," returned B——, and here the conversation ceased.

After mustering the men, we found less blanks than we had expected. We returned to the convent, where quarters had been assigned us. Before I finish, I may as well observe that many a bumper was that night drained in honour of our fair Spanish acquaintance.

HARGRAVE JENNINGS.

Late ——— hussars.

MAJOR ANDRÉ AND GENERAL ARNOLD.

BY J. STIRLING COYNE.

(Continued from page 33.)

A FEW months had rolled by since the day on which Arnold had, by the voice of his country, been declared unworthy to draw his sword in her defence, amongst her brave defenders. During that period the change which had taken place in his feelings had become more deeply rooted, and his hatred of the cause in which he had so frequently hazarded his life, more settled and dark. But as he knew well that the open demonstration of his traitorous dispositions would be the certain means of depriving him of the power to injure his former friends, he, by the profoundest dissimulation, preserved the semblance of a warm interest in the success of the American arms, while he was secretly holding communication with Sir Henry Clinton, the general of the English forces that then occupied the city of New York. Too wary and suspicious to commit himself to any of the numerous British emissaries that frequented his house, he opened his mind by letter to a man high in the confidence of the English commander. This was Charles Beverly Robinson, an American by birth, who held the post of a colonel in the British army, but whose whole property, being land, lay in the United States. To him Arnold first intimated the desire he felt to atone for his rebellious opposition to the arms of his rightful sovereign by returning to his allegiance, and, to make his conversion to loyalty more acceptable, he hinted that he had it in his power to render some signal service to the royal cause. This overture was favourably received by Sir Henry Clinton, and the price of his treachery having been arranged, it was agreed that Arnold should continue to dissemble with the utmost care his discontent, and seek every means to obtain from Washington a military command, which he was to direct in such a manner as would be best suited for the ulterior objects of his employers. From that moment Arnold lost no opportunity of ingratiating himself with the republican leaders; he seemed to have forgotten the affront of the reprimand, and to feel a stronger interest than ever in the cause of independence; and so well did he succeed, that he obtained the confidence of Livingston, then a member of congress, who believed that he had been an injured man, and offered to use his influence with Washington to obtain for him the chief command of the important fortress of West Point, which formed the key to the navigation of the Hudson, about twenty leagues above New York. To obtain possession of this post, which had, under the superintendence of the French engineers, been fortified with the utmost care, and was provided with all the necessary munitions and defended by four thousand men, became an object of paramount importance with the English general; he was not in a situation to carry the works by assault, and it was evident that if the river continued impassable to them so near to New York, he must either evacuate that city or

remain until Washington should arrive with his forces, and shut him up within his defences.

Arnold was conscious that the betrayal of this fortress would be the probable means of depriving the republican forces of its chief resources, for besides the immense stores which were deposited there, it contained the entire stock of ammunition destined for the entire army; he therefore spared no pains to obtain the command of the place, and to effect his design he wrote an humble letter to Washington, expressing his contrition for his past offences and entreating that he might be entrusted with the charge of West Point, in order, as he said, to prove to his country that his love for her glory could efface from his mind the injuries he had received at her hands. Washington was at first disinclined to employ Arnold, but the solicitations of General Schuyler and a letter from Livingston, who strongly recommended Arnold for the post, overcame his scruples; and, importuned by men for whose advice and opinion he felt the highest respect, he consented to give him a command, though, with a foreboding caution he added, "I know Arnold's talents, and if I consent to employ them I should wish it to be in attacking and not awaiting for the enemy. Let him appear before me and make other propositions. However, if he continues to prefer West Point he shall not experience a refusal."

It may be easily conceived that Arnold received this intelligence with secret pleasure, but he was too profound a dissimulator to permit his joy to be discovered by any outward manifestations. He proceeded to the camp and thanked his commander-in-chief for his returning confidence, but without betraying by his manner any exultation but what might have been supposed to arise from the pride of an honest heart. Washington received him with that mild smile of benevolence which a father might bestow upon his prodigal child reclaimed from his vicious courses and seeking forgiveness from an indulgent parent. "I wish," said Washington, extending his hand to Arnold with a frankness of manner which showed how sincerely his pardon had been accorded, "I wish, General Arnold, to place you in a situation which may afford you an opportunity of reinstating yourself in the good opinions of your fellow-citizens, and may at the same time be worthy of so brave an officer."

Arnold bowed.

"The British army in New York is weakened, a part of it has already embarked on another expedition; as soon as they sail I purpose to attack the city."

Arnold, by a hasty glance, scrutinized the commander's countenance, but it expressed no covert meaning.

"And I propose to you," continued he, "the command of the left wing of the army with which I shall advance."

The restored general heard this tempting offer so flattering to his courage with feelings it would be difficult to describe. At that moment he saw within his grasp a distinction which he had long sighed for, but a moment's reflection convinced him that he had gone too far with Sir Henry Clinton to recede, and he was compelled to relinquish an opportunity so tempting to a man greedy of fame, and

to plead to Washington, in excuse for his declining so high an honour, the state of his still unhealed wounds, which made him desirous of no other command than that of West Point, but that he hoped ere long to be able to enter the field and take his full share of the fatigues and dangers of his fellow-soldiers. Satisfied with this excuse, Washington acceded to Arnold's wishes, and consigned to the unworthy plotter against his country the most important stake she possessed, the command of that fortress.

While Arnold's schemes of treachery were thus budding into full hope in the attainment of this first great step of his dark policy, and while he contemplated with fiendish delight the destruction of the man whose hand had again raised him to the rank and honour he had forfeited by his own misconduct, his wife, the counsellor and machinator of his traitorous plots, remained in Philadelphia anxiously awaiting the result of her husband's interview with the commander-in-chief. A few days after Arnold's departure for the American camp, and while Mrs. Arnold, still uninformed of the almost un hoped for success of his request, was with her sister Mary in the midst of a crowded assembly,—the latter delighting a circle of breathless auditors with a ballad, in which the poet "wedded to immortal verse" the deeds of some young hero who had shed his blood upon the battle field, fighting in defence of the rightful cause,—the ardent republicans applauded the song to the echo; they could fancy no cause opposed to that which they espoused could be right, while the flushed cheek and brightening eye of the singer and the look of mournful interest which overspread the fine features of Mrs. Arnold, as she leaned thoughtfully over the back of Mary's chair, told that the sentiment of the song had awakened feelings in both their bosoms of a very contrary nature to those it had called up in those of the hearers. The song had ceased, and while that deep silence which seems linked to the last notes of a sweet melody dwelt upon the assembly, a young officer, who had but a few minutes previously entered the room, enquired in an under-tone of a person near him who the enchanting songstress was?

"You must be a stranger in Philadelphia not to know the lovely Mary B—," replied the interrogator.

"I am hardly half an hour a sojourner in your city; it is little to be wondered at that I should be a stranger to its beauties," replied the officer.

"Ah! from the camp perhaps?" asked the Philadelphian, while Mrs. Arnold, within whose hearing the conversation was held, listened with emotions she could scarce conceal for some intelligence on the subject that lay nearest her heart.

"From the camp, of course; where else should a true-born American be found? galloped all the way here to-night with despatches—whiz—like a flash of lightning through an apple orchard."

"Have you any news stirring in the camp?"

"None, except that the General has taken that shave devil Arnold into favour again, and bestowed upon him the command of West Point."

A suppressed scream broke from Mrs. Arnold, and she sank back

pale and motionless into the arms of one of the guests. The terrified Mary flew to assist her, and in a few minutes succeeded in restoring her to consciousness. To an anxious inquiry from her terrified sister as to the cause of her sudden illness, Beatrice replied by a significant pressure of the hand, but attributed it to the oppressive heat of the room. The sisters soon after quitted the assembly, and it was then known that the emotions produced by the sudden intelligence of Arnold's good fortune had caused her to swoon; and her agitation was ascribed to the joy she experienced in the re-establishment of her husband in the confidence of Washington; but there was a more powerful reason for Mrs. Arnold's emotion than the restoration of her husband to favour—she saw in an instant that the point was gained which put America in his power—and that he could now, by one well-directed and bold effort, crush her struggling independence, and throw into the scale of the cause she revered, a preponderance which could not easily be counteracted. But for this incident, which was not remembered until after the discovery of Arnold's treachery, it would never have been known that he had disclosed his plans to his wife, so profound had been his dissimulation.

We will not pursue this debased man through the tortuous channels by which he brought his traitorous plots to the verge of accomplishment; a traitor to his own country he dared not trust those to whom he was about to sell himself, and in making the bargain for his treachery, though he haggled like a pedlar, and was anxious to receive the price of his ignominy in hand, the most he could obtain was the promise of thirty thousand pounds, and an assurance that he should obtain a similar rank in the British army to that he then held in the republican forces, that of brigadier general.

Such were the terms upon which Arnold agreed to surrender to the English army West Point and its subjacent ports, and to effect this it was agreed that he should deliver to Clinton plans of the forts, and instructions necessary for the safe guidance of the British troops when they should be sent to take possession of the fortress. Arnold consented to these arrangements, but he stipulated that Major John André, at that time an aide-de-camp to General Clinton, and his intimate friend, should be made the depositary of all the particulars of the enterprise he meditated. Arnold, who was privy to the attachment that subsisted between his sister-in-law and the young English soldier, and knew him to be possessed of courage and fidelity, selected him as the person with whom he might with the greatest confidence entrust his secret, while Clinton, who esteemed his *protégé* for his noble disposition and prompt energy, gladly consented to commit to his young friend the management of this important business, which, if successful, would entitle him to the most distinguished honours his country could confer.

A correspondence was now opened between Arnold and André, under the fictitious names of *Gustavus* and *Anderson*. Mercantile transactions were the ostensible objects of the letters, but they were worded in such an ambiguous manner that they conveyed to the parties in the secret every necessary information on the subject of their deeper enterprise.

It was in the early part of September 1780 that a rumour began to spread that a large reinforcement of French troops had sailed for America, and that Washington only waited their arrival to commence the siege of New York. Clinton becoming alarmed at his situation, importuned Arnold not to delay further the execution of his plans, urging that if the allies were permitted to effect a junction, it might be no longer in his power to fulfil his intentions. To these representations Arnold replied in the language of commerce as concerted: "Our master goes away on the 17th of this month, he will be absent five or six days, let us avail ourselves of this interval to arrange our business. Come immediately and meet me within the lines, and we will settle definitively the risks and profits of the co-partnership. All will be ready."

Washington had in fact appointed to meet and confer with the French general Rochambeau at Hartford in Connecticut, but Arnold was deceived as to the period of his departure, which with his usual caution he had never communicated to any person, and this error into which Arnold fell was productive of the most important consequences.

On the receipt of Arnold's letter, André burned with impatience to seize the golden opportunity, which should give to his hand the honour of terminating the war at a single blow. The English general, however, saw more danger in the measure than his impetuous friend, and he hesitated before he would consent to expose a valuable officer to the risk of clandestinely passing the enemy's line, when the business to be transacted might with greater safety be committed to the agents who had hitherto conducted it so faithfully. But André, dazzled by the glory of the enterprise, would not permit himself to view the danger through the brilliancy which surrounded it, combated Clinton's foresight with all the energy of an ardent soldier thirsting for fame. He represented that as Arnold had not hitherto confided in any one but himself and Robinson, it was only natural that he should wish to entrust the maps of West Point into no hands but those of the person whom he had chosen to put his plans into execution. Persuaded, if not convinced by the earnestness of André, the English general consented to leave the management of the affair to him, exhorting him, however, to be guided rather by prudence than blind valour in the prosecution of his enterprise. Clinton then issued private orders to get the Vulture sloop-of-war in readiness to convey André up the Hudson, and it was calculated that by leaving New York on the 19th of September, he would reach the American forts in two days. In this romantic expedition he was accompanied by Beverly Robinson, the colonel through whom Arnold had made his first overture; this gentleman's prudence Clinton hoped would serve as a wholesome check upon the rash ardour of the young major.

Those alone who have experienced the tumultuous sensations hovering between anticipated success and dreaded defeat, which fill the mind of a man who feels that upon his exertions depends the fortunate issue of some great action, can form a perfect idea of the throng of busy thoughts that crowded upon his imagination, as with folded arms he leaned over the quarter-rail of the sloop, watching

the waters of the rapid Hudson curling past the polished sides of his vessel, and contrasting their headlong speed with the slow progress of his bark towards the goal of his hopes. He felt himself within a single step of the summit of his wishes, and, probably exulting in the prospect of the personal dangers he should encounter, and which would give lustre to the exploit, he overlooked the chances and despised the dangers that opposed themselves to his triumph.

The morning of the 20th September rose with unusual splendour over the dark pine woods that clothed the banks of the Hudson, whose broad waters were in those days rarely disturbed, save by the Indian's arrowy canoe, or the sluggish track of the heavy raft bearing its half-savage constructors and their forest spoils to the marts of more civilized regions. Gliding down the noble stream with his little stock of peltry, the sturdy backwoodsman, stretched beneath his pine-bark awning, smoked his pipe and gazed listlessly upon the trackless wilderness that lay upon either shore; the melancholy note of the whip-poor-will or the shrill cry of the alone broke the silence of the deep solitudes by which he was surrounded, and he whispered to himself, like the lonely island dweller in the pride of savage sovereignty—

“I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute.”

How would the presumptuous boast be checked, could he *now* behold those dusky and silent shores studded with cheerful villages and noble cities, and echoing to the ceaseless hum of busy industry.

But on the morning we allude to, an object of unusual interest excited the anxious curiosity of a knot of gazers, who had collected on the extremity of a low rocky point of land, on which a small redoubt had been erected, about five miles below West Point. That object was the Vulture sloop-of-war, which had got aground at low water about a mile distant, abreast of the point. There appeared no hostile demonstration on the part of the sloop, but the broad British ensign at her peak flouted the wanton air with saucy pride, and seemed to wave a scornful defiance of her enemies.

“This is pretty work, d——d extraordinary, I must say,” muttered an old hard-featured veteran, in the uniform of an American colonel, as he turned angrily away from the galling contemplation of a foe whose insults he had not the power to punish.

“Why, Colonel Livingston, you seem a little out of sorts, what's wrong now?” cried a young officer who had just joined the group.

“Wrong! Captain Bloxham, every thing is wrong, Sir; I'm an ass, and General Arnold is—a general, Sir. Look there, Sir,—do you see that, Sir?”

“Certainly, Colonel, the English sloop. We have been speculating all the morning as to what her designs may be. Many of us are of opinion that she meditated an attack upon some of the small forts, while others say that she is only the bearer of a flag of truce.”

“No matter, Sir, had I my will we should have known her intentions by this time. I would have presented my compliments to her

from the guns of the fort, but they are such miserable pop-guns that one of them would not carry half-way to her."

"Paltry affairs, indeed, Colonel."

"Well, Sir, I instantly sent an express to General Arnold, to West Point, requesting one or two heavy pieces of cannon, with which, Sir, I would have made smash of yonder saucy English sloop in ten minutes; and what, Sir, do you imagine was his reply?"

"I cannot imagine."

"Sir, he tells me to attend to my duty—the defence of the fort—and that he does not deem it expedient to send me the guns I required—to attend to my duty—those were the words, Captain." Well, well, 'tis my duty to obey. D——n it, I can't look upon those colours, they seem shaking them in our very teeth in defiance; the rascals, if I had my will I'd soon give them another game to play."

Thus saying, the indignant old colonel strode away to vent his chagrin where his eyes would not be offended with the sight of the hated object, while the other spectators indulged in various opinions on the designs of the English vessel that still lay aground in the river, without making any attempts at communicating with the shore, or showing any hostile disposition.

Thus far fortune seemed to have favoured the conspirators; the extreme caution of Arnold, who had hitherto confided his secret only to two persons, who were as deeply interested in the success of his plots as he could be himself, had nearly brought them to a prosperous termination. But at this juncture the fiend deserted him, and the first check he received in his villanous schemes was the unexpected delay of Washington, who did not leave West Point for three days after the time Arnold imagined he had fixed for his departure. The presence of the commander-in-chief was therefore a serious obstacle to the secret manœuvres of Arnold, who was afraid to hold any communication with the sloop until relieved of Washington's keen observance. Meantime, André and Robinson, not receiving any message from Arnold, began to grow uneasy,—traitors are obnoxious to suspicion by the very persons who benefit by their treachery,—and to fear from the unprincipled character of their accomplice that they had been betrayed into a snare. To ascertain the truth or injustice of their surmises, they put in execution a stratagem arranged beforehand with Arnold, to facilitate a rendezvous. Robinson sent under a flag of truce a letter to the American general Putman, on business relating to his property, and proposed an interview. In this letter was enclosed one to Arnold, soliciting a conference with him in case Putman should be absent, and as both were put under a cover directed to Arnold, the packet would be opened by him; but in case it should fall into other hands, the whole could be read without exciting any suspicion. It was on the very morning that Washington had fixed for his departure that Arnold received this letter. He had just reached the water's edge, where a large barge was waiting in which he was to convey the commander to the opposite bank of the river, when the packet was put into his hands, and he had scarcely time to ascertain its contents when Washington made his appearance, attended by a few officers of his staff. He

saluted Arnold briefly, and stepped into the barge. In crossing, he observed the sloop with the English flag, and taking a spy-glass from one of his aides-du-camp, he examined her attentively for some time, then turning to an attendant he gave, in a low voice, according to his usual manner, an order, probably of little consequence, but which Arnold's guilty fears construed into a proof that Washington had been acquainted with the circumstance of the flag of truce. In order, therefore, to lull his suspicions by a show of unreserved honesty, he produced the two letters he had received, and asked Washington's advice as to what course he should pursue respecting them. The general, in the presence of several persons, directed him to give for answer to Robinson that the business he had written upon was one solely for the consideration of the civil power, at the same time pointing out to him the impropriety of giving that officer an interview. The boat touched the shore as this conversation terminated, and Washington, whose cold recognition of Arnold on their meeting had been caused by the abstraction of his mind at the moment, pressed by a thousand distracting cares, now warmly grasping his hand, mounted his horse and took his way to Hartford. Thus was the main obstacle to the prosecution of the plot removed, but Arnold's over cautious tactics had involved the conspirators in another unforeseen dilemma. The positive opinions uttered by Washington respecting the conference with Robinson had been overheard by too many officers for Arnold to attempt granting him an interview publicly, which he might otherwise have done under sanction of a flag of truce.

(To be concluded in our next.)

SONNET.

O SHALL this dreaming never know an end,
 This lingering over the uncancell'd past,
 Will it for ever in this sick soul last?
 Will that one colour never softly blend
 Into the distance, while I onward wend
 My solitary way? Must I still gaze
 Through tears that robe all other things in haze,
 While to these hours they do false beauty lend,
 Making my soul sick with such longings wild,
 As a lone mother hath toward her dead child?
 Yes—I am mad to hope I may forget,
 I must be calmer, and not turn away,
 There is an ending to the longest day,
 And on its brink I know my grave is set.

K.

ABER-MERLYN.

BY CHARLES DIXON.

"Eternal blessings crown my early friend,
 And round his dwelling guardian saints attend!
 Blest be that spot! where cheerful guests retire
 To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
 Blest that abode! where want and pain repair,
 And every stranger finds a ready chair."—*Goldsmith.*

IT was in a fine morning in the month of last June, that in company with a friend I started in a coach from London. We had determined on a pedestrian tour, and had marked out in our route some of the principal scenery in South Wales.

Our journey to Bristol was dull and monotonous, and only varied by one circumstance certainly rather ludicrous. When we stopped at Devizes to change horses, a fellow-traveller called for a glass of brandy and water, and paid the waiter at the time. Four minutes out of the five had already elapsed, before he made his appearance with it; and then it was so hot that even Erebus itself was cool in comparison. Doubtless the waiter thought he should have it himself; but for once he was outwitted. "All right," sung out the ostler,— "Now, gentlemen," said the coachman—crack went the whip and off they started. The waiter in vain asked for the glass; my companion coolly gave him the spoon, and told him if he wanted the glass, he must come after it, for he certainly should not give it up until he had finished.

We had rather a rough passage to Swansea by the steamer, indeed so much so that the greater portion on board were "uncomfortably affected." I would have defied the greatest stoic that ever existed to have refrained from laughing at the miserable and grotesque contortions of the sufferers. It was worthy the pencil of Hogarth himself, and could only be faintly imitated by Cruikshank or the lamented Seymour. The view of the town as we approached it from the Mumbles is very picturesque—the houses are all white and form a splendid contrast to the blue mountains that rear above their lofty heads; and when the rays of the setting sun glanced upon the summits and were reflected back from the town, it presented a scene of richness and beauty. The harbour is exceedingly fine, and is the miniature of the bay of Naples. Our quarters at the inn were very comfortable, and at an early hour the next morning we left our pretty hostess, and, mounting our packs, bended on our weary way towards Caermarthen. We had letters of introduction to a family residing in that part of the country, and we thought we might as well deliver them at the commencement of our tour, as perhaps we might be guided to some more delightful scenery.

The sky was rather clouded and the sunbeams shone but scantily, yet we hoped it would clear up before mid-day—and, reader, if you

MARCH, 1837.

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are a traveller, let me give you one word of advice,—Never start without your morning meal, with the intention, as we did, of breakfasting by the way, for you must not reckon upon it in Wales, especially on a market-day. We met the people going to Swansea, heavily laden with their produce. The dress of the native women is very picturesque, and their black eyes and raven hair are seen to much better advantage beneath the hat than the English bonnet—to me it was as pleasing as it was novel.

We passed through one village, Pont-y-dylais, but that was so near Swansea that we did not halt—happy for us if we had, for all the way from thence to within a mile of Caermarthen, we found every house closed and only inhabited by a few squalling brats and howling dogs, which sent up their discordant voice as we passed, like some Indian yell. So we were obliged to imitate our forefathers, and drink from the streams as they gushed down beside the road. What added very much to our discomfort was the heavy rain that fell towards the close of the day. However we toiled up some as steep hills as I ever remember on a high-way, and of which there seemed no end. There were no milestones to cheer us on the road, although many deny their comfort, for, say they, since one never sees them together in company, they are therefore dull and saddening. We often enquired the distance, yet we never found two agree on the point—one said it wanted ten, another six, and a third seven miles to the close of our journey; and when at last we came in view of the city, we felt like two pilgrims in sight of the Promised Land. For myself I could have almost gone on my knees and kissed the ground. Weary, wet through, hungry and thirsty, we crossed the bridge and entered Caermarthen; we put up at the first hotel, and but few minutes elapsed before we had changed our clothes, and sat down to a hearty meal. We ate voraciously, slept profoundly, and on the following morning set out for Merlyn's Grove.

We passed through Abergwili, a neat and ancient village, and celebrated for the palace of the Bishop of St. David's, which contains a garden like that of the Hesperides, so beautiful that no stranger is allowed to enter it. About two miles beyond, we came to the little village of White Mill, and within a short distance of this lay Merlyn's Grove, the residence of our friend Captain Molasses. We delivered our letters and were received with the utmost kindness and welcome. Captain Molasses is of an ancient family, indeed so ancient, as he one day told me, that he could trace his lineal descent from *Cain*!! He had been many years in the Indian army, but had long since retired from the service.

The Grove is situated in the bosom of a deep valley and overhung with mountains covered with perpetual verdure. It is of antique structure, and built somewhat in the gothic style long before Pepper and Jack-in-the-boxes came into fashion, or the regular double-winged edifices, as prim as any old maid of the seventeenth century, were in vogue. It is just such a spot as one could wish to live in—the angler can find amusement in the Towey, and the sportsman among the rich preserves of the surrounding country, while the naturalist and lover of nature can run wild and find occupation to the

end of their lives. It takes its name from the adjoining hill sacred to Merlyn the prophet, who, it is reported, dwelt upon its summit, and the chair is still to be seen where he sat and thundered forth to the amazed multitudes his awful denunciations. These are yet extant in manuscript, and are in the possession of the corporation of Caermarthen, but are about to be added, as I was informed, to the treasures of the British Museum.

Mrs. Molasses was a delightful woman, and a more kind-hearted creature I do not know to be in existence. She pressed us very much to spend a few weeks, which we firmly declined; but by degrees we found our courage desert us, for we were besieged by the solicitations of his two daughters. I will not enter into a long rhapsody about them, gentle reader; suffice it, they were pretty, accomplished, elegant, and full of spirits; in short, charming girls—against such powerful assailants we could hold out no longer, and were obliged to cry quarter.

Under their fair guidance we made excursions into the neighbouring country—we visited Carreg Cenner,—we explored the caves of Dreslwyn and witnessed the ravages of time upon the castle—we lingered over the mouldering fabric of Dynevor, hallowed by the pen of the Scottish minstrel, and shed a tear over his memory. The tower too erected by General Picton in honour of the immortal Nelson was not omitted by us—indeed almost every day, except when the weather proved unfavourable, we drove or walked out to some lovely scenery.

The captain was a great antiquary, and possessed many rare and valuable specimens of *virtu*. His rooms were all hung with helmets and shields, and two fine suits of armour of Henry the Eighth graced his library. Rapiers, swords with single and double handles, battle-axes, bilboes, shafts, were without number, and a fine cabinet of the Elizabethan age contained coins and medals in exquisite perfection from the earliest period of British history to the present time.

Among the helmets, however, I observed one that was brighter than its fellows, but, as I thought, of the age of the Commonwealth. Not being able to satisfy my mind as to the cause, I inquired of the captain. He told me, with tears in his eyes, that when he left home the preceding summer, the housekeeper had taken it down and made it look what she called *beautiful*. "This was the helmet worn," said he, "by my ancestor at the battle of Marston Moor. It has been in my family ever since the Restoration, and is more than worth its weight in gold. Here are the marks made by Cromwell himself, and there *were* drops of blood—but, alas! they *are* not. Oh, woman! woman!—" A flood of tears happily came to his relief.

Of manuscripts too he had a fine collection. The principal portion of them were oriental, but some few were English. All this was in harmony with my own taste, for I must plead guilty to a fondness for things of bygone days and relics of antiquity. We afterwards sat together and consumed the midnight oil in deciphering the almost illegible characters, and listened with delight to legends of romance and tales of olden time.

One day, after we had returned from a long ramble, the captain informed us he had something in store that he thought would be gratifying. A marquee had been erected on the brow of Merlyn's Hill, and there we all proceeded. To our surprise we found it furnished with chairs and sundry decanters and glasses. There we were to spend the night, and see the sun rise. The evening was as lovely as the view. At our feet lay the vale of Towey, through which the silent river meandered in its course; above towered the lofty mountains, whose distant heights were tipped with the rays of the setting sun, while their shadowy sides formed a beautiful relief. Above rose the Black Mountains and the Grongar Hills, and seemed, like fabled Atlas, to bear the heavens upon their summits. The sun's last lingering beam was resting on Carreg Cennen, and Golden Grove and Nelson's Tower stood out a monument of greatness,

"While the fair clouds of feathery gold,
Shaded with deepest purple, gleamed
Like islands on a dark blue sea."

Oh! it was a scene for the painter and the poet—one that he would love to dwell upon and revel in with delight—and though I myself am neither, yet could I have gazed upon it for ever, and each moment have discovered fresh beauty to admire. It may be that in the azure garment and vapoury mantle in which distance wraps all nature the wandering mind foresees hours happier than the past, and, soaring on Fancy's wing, rejoices to enter on new ways of life; or, perhaps, a tender chord is awakened, and vibrates at the touch. I felt myself carried back to days of infancy, and roved with childhood's light and buoyant step once again over my native hills; and although many many years have glided by, and time has touched me with his silvery hand, and though the roses of spring are faded and the merry song of youthfulness is silent, yet over these does memory linger and draw from the remembrance a fragrance redolent of the gathered flower.

As night crept on the mists rose thick and heavy from the valley. By degrees dark and massy clouds formed in powerful array, and spread themselves beneath us like a carpet, while we ourselves were only enveloped in a thin hazy fog. Soon after the rain fell in continued torrents, and the wind whistled with tremendous blast among the trees, and sounded like the breathing of the spirit of the tempest as he passed upon its wings. The lightnings flashed with forked windings amid the blackened clouds, and shone with awful splendour amid the gloom that gathered round, while the thunders roared in swift and deafening peals, making the whole range of mountains ring with ten thousand echoes, and mutter as it rolled along its deep diapason. I have seen many a storm, but never have witnessed one so grand, so majestic as was this. It is no matter of wonder that, superstitious as the Welsh are, they should have assigned this as the dwelling-place of their prophet, and have invested it with terrors of no common order. A little after midnight the moon rose with unclouded grandeur, like a maiden laughing from beneath her tears, while the countless stars studded the blue vault of heaven like gems of orient

splendour. But a few moments before all was dark and gloomy, and now nature was hushed in softness and repose. The transition had been rapid, but not more sudden than the frown that beauty sometimes wears ere it has softened to a smile.

About half-past three a faint tinge was visible above the horizon, as Aurora in her chariot ushered in the morn. Gradually the light spread far and wide, and put to flight the stars. The vast panorama grew upon you like some phantasmagoria, now slight and imperceptible, but as it approached every part stood out with life and colour. Mountain and crag sprang into existence, nature resumed her livery of green, and the birds chirruped among the branches and carolled forth their liveliest lays. Soon after the dews began to fall so heavily that we retired from our eminence and resigned ourselves to the soft nurse of nature.

When we came down to breakfast we were informed that the *Ladye of Aber-Merlyn* had appeared during the night. It was just after the rain had ceased that three men were returning from Caermarthen rather merry, having followed the good old practice of keeping their spirits up by pouring spirits down. As they passed through the village there suddenly appeared to them a figure veiled in white on the top of the hill. One, more valiant than his fellows, wagered he would go and speak to her, and forthwith mounted, muttering as he went all the incantations and exorcisms that he knew till he arrived within twenty yards, when he heard a low rumbling noise, like the hissing of a serpent. His courage failed him, and off he scampered as fast, nay, faster than his legs could carry him, for he lost his footing, and rolled down the bank into the stream that supplied the mill. He was picked up by his friends more dead than alive, and taken to an inn, where he was housed for the night. The intelligence spread like wildfire, and aroused the whole village to gaze upon the *Ladye of the Hill*. Soon after she disappeared, and they retired again to rest to dream of gholes and apparitions, and many a mother pressed her babe nearer to her breast as it started in its sleep, and breathed a prayer over its little head. In the morning it was the subject of universal conversation, each giving it a form and shape peculiar to their own fancy, and wondering what great event was about to happen. The reader need hardly be told that our tent was the dreadful spectre, and the rumbling noise but the snoring of our dog Smoke. Soon after we left the man-servant had taken it down, not wishing to have it wetted by the dew.

In the evening I drew myself nearer to the clay-ball fire,* and the captain, agreeably to his promise, gave me to read the manuscript containing the legend of the *Ladye of Aber-Merlyn*. It was written in the ancient dialect, and though I have not the tale before me, yet I lay it before you, kind reader, as nearly as I remember it with the aid of notes that I made of the principal incidents.

* The coal of South Wales is chiefly what is called Stone Coal. The large coal of this quality is used for drying hops and malt; the small coal, called culm, for burning limestone. Culm is mixed with clay till it acquires the consistence of mortar, and is then formed into balls of a moderate size, which are piled in the grate and give out a strong and powerful heat. This forms the principal fuel of the southern district.

THE LADYE OF ABER-MERLYN.

“A tale of the times of old—the deeds of days of other years.”—*Ossian*.

Not many years after the conquest of England by the Gauls, the great feudal lords whose possessions bordered upon the neighbouring territory made encroachments upon the principality of South Wales, and reduced it to the counties of Caermarthen and Cardigan, which, during the reign of Henry I., were long under the dominion of the English. A considerable portion, however, of the principality of Dynevor was given up by him to a Welsh prince whom he found himself unable to subdue. But if any credence be placed in the chronicles of olden time, he was rather a feudal subject of England than a prince of Wales. During the reign of Stephen and his successors the Cambrian princes sunk into the character of subjects, and their numerous contests with each other and struggles with the neighbouring Normans seemed rather for territory or pre-eminence than the resistance of one nation to the aggressions of another. In the long and continued wars between Henry III. and Llewelyn, prince of North Wales, Caermarthen became the scene of contest. A severe and bloody action was fought at Dynevor Castle, when the English, who were besieging it, were entirely routed by Llewelyn with the assistance of the native chieftains. Thus was South Wales for a time restored to tranquillity and peace.

It was in the year 1272 that Edward I. mounted upon the throne of his father. At his coronation, Alexander I. of Scotland was present, and did homage for his kingdom. Llewelyn had been likewise summoned, but in the reviving spirit of his ancestors he refused to appear. So enraged was Edward at this contempt and open defiance, that he gathered a strong force and marched into Wales. A fierce struggle took place at Aber-Honddu* in which the Welsh were repulsed with great slaughter. When the king retired into England he left Hugh de Percy lord of the castle, to guard the English possessions and keep the natives in awe.

Urien Reged, the lord of Abergwili, was a descendant of the ancient kings of Cambria, and was one of the chief supporters of Llewelyn, during whose absence he was ever entrusted with the reins of government. In courage and daring none were more excellent, and against his uprightness and conduct not even his bitterest enemies could utter the slightest breath. In council too and policy he was pre-eminent, and it was through his superior guiding that the English were defeated when under Henry III. they laid siege to Dynevor. It was on that blood-stained field that his father had died fighting in defence of his country, and when Urien bent over the dying warrior to staunch his wound, he bequeathed as his last request his only son to his kinsman's protection. The voice of many years had passed away since that ever to be remembered battle, and Hywel had increased in strength and wisdom under the daily lessons of his uncle.

Urien Reged had an only daughter, rendered doubly dear to him,

* Aber-Honddu—now called Brecon.

for her mother had been snatched away in her childhood, and the little Eva was left wholly to the direction of her father. Thus had she ever been a participator with her cousin in the instructions of her parent, and a companion with him in his excursions.

She was as lovely as the morning when it advances veiled with roses; her features, perfect in their outline, bore the stamp peculiar to her country; her eyes were of the blackest jet, beneath the shade of silken lashes; her lips, like the ruby, seemed to shed around but sweetness; and hair with raven tresses fell in graceful negligence over her snow-white bosom, which, like the fresh leaf of the rose, seemed all gentleness: yet within there slept the spirit of her ancestors, proud and lofty, and when once excited, when once the slumbering flame was kindled in her breast, her gentle form assumed a nobler air, stately and commanding; her features beamed with fire and animation, all bespeaking her high and ancient lineage; yet in her usual mood was she all gentleness, altogether lovely.

She was just entering on her eighteenth year—the beauty and admiration of the whole country. She was the theme of poesy and song, and many a bard attuned his strings afresh to minstrel forth the praises of the beauteous Eva.

Many were the supplicants at the shrine of loveliness and wealth that tendered their homage, and many a scion of a noble house knelt at her feet; but she rejected all their temptations of rank and fortune, for she had already fixed her affections upon her orphan cousin.

Among the numerous suitors came the son of Hugh de Percy, confident of success; he had thought, with all the overweening pride of the English barons, that for him it sufficed to offer his hand and titles. He did not for one moment fancy that the daughter of a Cambrian lord would dare refuse, and when he saw all the others rejected, in the exulting vanity of his bosom he imagined that for him alone was reserved that lily hand. But when he had pressed his suit, and that with ardour, and was himself rejected, he returned home filled with indignation, “that he, the son of a lord of England, a noble of the realm, should be refused by a Welsh girl, the daughter of whom? no princely noble, no royal peer, but a rebel chieftain, a subject too of England, an outlawed bandit, whose only protection was his castle,—whose only safeguard were his walls.” He breathed ten thousand curses on his head, and vowed a deep and speedy revenge. The fourth day saw him at the head of a chosen force, his passion in no degree subsided; by quick and hasty marches he hoped to surprise the castle and carry off his prize.

The night was beautiful when Eva was walking with her cousin on the terrace of the castle,—not a breath of air disturbed the quiet of the scene, the heavens were studded with stars, attendants on the queen of light, who moved in rejoicing silence through the vast concave that—

“Seemed like a canopy which love had spread
To curtain her sleeping world.”

Suddenly their attention was arrested by some object that appeared to move along the road; the distance, however, and the foliage of

the trees that lined it on either side, hindered them from perceiving what it was. Still they continued to gaze, and as the object of their attention approached, Eva drew herself unconsciously nearer to her cousin; Hymel wound his arm round her, and pressed her to his bosom.

"Nay, fear not, dearest, there is no reason for alarm."

"Thou canst not persuade me, Hymel. Didst thou not mark his fierce and threatening looks of defiance as he quitted my father's hall?"

"That was but the passion of the moment," said her cousin, "that thus excited him. He would not, nay, he dare not, attempt aught against my kinsman. Are we but slaves, that we must do the bidding of our lords, and because, forsooth, we thwart them in their wishes, or comply not with their demands, must we be hunted like the beasts to death?"

"Nay, be not angry, Hymel; full well I know thy proud and noble temper would not bend beneath the frown of any lord save thine own prince. I know thee too well, methinks, to harbour such a thought, yet I do feel some load upon my breast, as though some heavy calamity were hanging o'er our house."

"Banish these false fears, dearest Eva," replied Hymel, and he drew her nearer to his bosom, "Heaven would not for thy sake send misery or misfortune."

"But dost thou not call to mind the saying of the prophet?—

'When Abergwili's heir shall be the bride
Of her own kinsman, ill shall then betide.'"

"'Tis but the prating of some idle priest—the raving of a maniac," replied Hymel, "and yet, wouldst thou cease to love me, Eva, because some prophecy chanced partly to be fulfilled in my union with thee? Wouldst thou forbid me to gaze upon thy bright eyes, and kiss them, as heretofore, and now I do?"

"I meant not, Hymel, to reproach thee for thy affection; Heaven knows I love thee fondly, more dearly than mine own father. Are we not alone the remnant of an ancient family, one that has swayed the sovereign sceptre and ruled all Cambria? Are not we alone left to each other—and thinkest thou that I would wish to leave thee? No, thou wrongest me, Hymel; even in my woman's veins the blood doth boil, when I consider the slavish misery of our country; then doth my nerveless arm long to wield the spear and strike the foe; and thinkest thou that I would leave thee, and wed some English peer? No, sooner would I die than unite my lot with that of Hugh de Percy, or any of his native lords, or any of my country chieftains, save thee." As she spoke, she threw herself into the arms of her betrothed. It is indeed at such a moment, when we hold in our embrace one that we prize above all, nay more, one that is to us the whole universe combined, that woman is all but divine, that she stands on the verge of immortality, "unasked by heaven and unclaimed by earth;" and while Hymel gazed with fondness in her face, and pressed her to his bosom, he kissed the tear-drops from her eyes, and seemed to love mankind the more.

And now the sound of hoofs was heard, and they could descry a horseman riding at full speed and making for the castle. They descended from the terrace, and Hymel led Eva to her own apartment, bidding her dispel her gloomy dreams in sleep, while he himself hastened to the court-yard. When he arrived, he found a crowd gathered round the horsemen, but as soon as he approached they dispersed to their respective duties. He was immediately informed that the English forces were on their way to Abergwili, under the command of Hugh de Percy,—that they had ravaged the country and laid waste the villages through which they passed, and had pitched their tents at Gwenystrad, a few miles from Llandilo-vawr,—that a small detachment had been sent to that place, and strictly prohibited any from quitting the village. He, however, had eluded their vigilance, and had ridden over the mountains by the nearest passes to warn the castle, and put them on their guard. Immediately the whole castle was alive, and messengers were despatched to the surrounding villages to gather in the men; and the risen sun beheld the troops issuing from the castle, led by their gallant chief.

The two forces met at Gwenystrad and engaged. The battle raged long and fiercely, and victory hung doubtful over the conflicting armies; but a shaft from the bow of Hymel wounded the English leader and decided the contest. No sooner did the English see their commander fall than they took to flight. The greatest part escaped, carrying with them their wounded commander, but some were made prisoners.

The meeting between Hymel and his betrothed was tender and affectionate; the sadness that hung over her brow had altogether been dispersed, and the event of the encounter with the English had dissipated from her mind all its mournful thoughts, and brightened her countenance with smiles. There is no holier intercourse than the communion of blighted hearts,—it is one that ought never to be broken in upon or disturbed,—and since such was doubtless the opinion of the author of the manuscript, I must not, fair reader, intrude upon the lovers' privacy.

It was on the evening of the succeeding day that all the chieftains were assembled to celebrate the marriage of Eva with her cousin. The castle hall exhibited all the rude splendour and hospitality of the ancient Britons. Goat's and deer's flesh seethed in their very skins made the tables groan beneath their weight, while sheep and kine roasted whole sent up their savoury odours. *Crw* and hydromel were in abundance, and imparted their inspiring influence. It was a scene of joy and gladness, of feasting and merriment. The intercourse, however, that subsisted between them and their more civilized neighbours, had somewhat tamed the fierce and unruly revelings of the Welsh, and bridled them in a measure by the rules of good breeding imposed by the laws of chivalry.

And now the last of Cambria's boasted bards took the harp, and swept upon its strings a few wild and unconnected notes, and, raising his looks to heaven, he seemed as though awaiting the flow of poesy and indignation; and now his features beamed with fire and glowed

with animation ; and again he swept the strings in prelude, and burst forth into one of those delightful strains for which he had ever been so distinguished :—

“ Extol the men of Cattraeth, who with the dawn went out with their victorious leader Urien, a renowned elder, the pillar of kings, of matchless valour, a chief of great power. The men of Britain came in a body to Gwen-y-strad to offer battle ; neither the fields nor the woods afforded protection to their enemies, when they came in their fury, like the roaring wave rushing in its might to cover the beach. I have seen brave men in the field, and after the battle, in the morning, the mangled flesh. I saw the place where the shout was given, and where three ranks of men fell ; and the crimson gore covered the ground ; in Gwenystrad was seen a fort, assailed by the laborious toil of warriors. In the pass of the fort have I seen men dyed with red

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* * * They jointly fell to the ground, where they lost the day ; their hands were on their crucifix, and horror was in the pale faces of the dead warriors. I have seen men

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* * * and the blood entangled on their clothes, deal quick and furious thrusts in battle. Men bore patiently the warlike toil, and when there was no flying there they grew outrageous. I am astonished at the courage of Reged's chief. I have seen Urien's brow covered with rage when he furiously attacked the enemy by Lech Wen Galysten ; his anger was satisfied in dealing deadly blows amongst his foes, and his shield in time of need was heaved up to defend him. Euronwy, mayst thou grow desirous of conflict, and till I grow old, and must necessarily die, may I have no constant joy if I praise not Urien.”

It was in the year succeeding the events we have just related, that Edward the First called his high court of parliament ; all the tributary lords were summoned, but Llewelyn alone refused, and again the king assembled a new force and entered Wales. The brother of Llewelyn had been detained as hostage at the English court, and had ingratiated himself in the royal favour. And well he played his part, for no sooner were any new measures against his brother determined on than he despatched messengers to inform him. It was with surprise and anger that Edward found the Welsh prepared to resist his arms. A desperate battle ensued, in which the English were victorious. Engagement after engagement took place, and the Welsh were repulsed, and at last obliged to retire to their castles and mountain fastnesses.

Abergwili and Caermarthen were the only two that defeated all their efforts. Hugh de Percy laid siege to Abergwili, and weeks had elapsed, yet it still held out against all his attempts. It was in vain he tried to reduce it by famine, for their stores seemed either exhaustless or there was some secret communication with the castle, which with all his endeavours he was unable to discover. At last, when he was well-nigh weary of besieging it, the castle was betrayed into his hands.

The eminence on which the castle stood was protected partly by

natural defence; one side was so steep and rugged, that the besiegers looked on it as insurmountable, and therefore had placed no guard to watch it. It was in this side that a passage, excavated in the rock, led to the interior of the castle, and the entrance was so artfully concealed that it seemed itself a piece of nature's handiwork. This had always been resorted to in times of extreme peril, and through this had the besieged been able to obtain provisions and supplies, and doubtless they would have withstood all the enemy's attempts had it not been disclosed by treachery.

The sun was sinking slowly behind the distant hills when Eva was walking (as was her custom) with Hymel on the terrace. Every now and then they would stop and gaze for a time on the surrounding landscape. The river Towey meandered in its silent course, rich with the varied tintings of the western sky; the mountains lay hushed around, clad in an azure garment, and mellowed by the distance; the trees which were brightened to the view were saddened also to the fancy by the yellow hue of autumn. At the foot of the castle lay the camps of the enemy, from which uprose a confused murmur, and at times there flashed a gleam of splendour, as the helmet of the sentinel passing to and fro gave back the rays of the setting sun. For the last two days the enemy had been utterly inactive, and as night drew on the camps were hushed in silence and repose, which was only broken upon by the tramping of the guard as he walked his midnight round.

While they were surveying the scene below, they suddenly heard the clashing of weapons, and the loud and clamorous cries of soldiery: "Fear not, dearest Eva," said Hymel, "'tis but the rude brawling of some inebriate fellow, some sottish drunkard. I will but be absent from thee a few moments,"—and he pressed her to his bosom. That embrace was his last.

The enemy had gained admittance to the castle, and mastered the guards, and though the inhabitants made a fierce and resolute resistance, yet were they overpowered by the unexpected attack of their foes, who much exceeded them in numbers: still they fought like men, with no alternative save life and death before their eyes.

The castle was taken, but so desperate had been the conflict that England's king lost her gallant warrior, Hugh de Percy, and Cambria her chief stay and hope, Urien Reged. The bodies of Eva and Hymel and the younger Percy were no where to be found, and they were supposed to have perished with a portion of the castle that had been destroyed, and buried beneath the ruins. A rumour had, however, been spread, that she was seen carried away by fairies, and a tradition has since existed that she still watches over the place, and her appearance is always a presage of some good fortune.

It was in the year 1450 that two men were occupied in digging among the ruins of the castle, in hopes of treasures. Much of the castle had fallen to decay, and the sole existing turret was o'ergrown and mantled with the wild ivy, that made it look still cheerful though hallowed in its ruins. The owl and the bat were its only denizens,

and on its summit the eagle had built her nest, sole guardian as it were of England's fame—

“ Whose banner hung upon the time-worn tower
So idly, that rapt fancy deemed it
A metaphor of peace.”

They had been for some time clearing away from what they supposed a door, and no sooner had they opened a passage, than with the aid of torches they entered upon a chamber; but instead of bags of wealth and heaps of treasure, they discovered three skeletons. Two were lying side by side, clasped in each other's embrace, whilst near them there leaned a figure upon its knees, with its arms still raised as in the attitude of prayer. Thus then was the mystery explained, Eva had been pursued by Percy, and had taken refuge in this chamber. Her cries had alarmed Hymel and attracted him there. A contest between the two took place, and each grasped in the other's hold had breathed his last. In the distraction of her mind Eva had bent over her dying husband, reason had forsaken her, and with her arms lifted up to heaven she had breathed her last. They no sooner saw this spectacle, than with horror and dismay they closed it up as they had previously found it, and the report that they spread, by no means diminished by their terror, hindered for ever the superstitious inhabitants from desecrating by their search for treasure the dwelling-places of the dead.

Gentles, my tale is finished: I have tried to discover, but in vain, at what time the ruins of the castle disappeared; no vestige of it now remains. The hill is covered with the greenest turf, and sheep now feed where once the turret stood. There is still a cave to be seen, leading as I was informed to the interior of the hill, and I proposed to explore it, but I found it so choaked with sand and dirt that I was unable to proceed. The side of the mountain is exceedingly steep, approaching almost the perpendicular; but it is now covered with aged forest trees of immense size, over whose heads some hundred years have passed.

Many a time since have I wandered upon the hill, and many a time has imagination raised the castled turret, and fancy pictured the beauteous Eva; but alas! reality has too soon dispelled these dreams, and brought me back to earth. Often now do I think upon the happy days I spent in that vicinity, and if ever, reader, whoever you be, your steps should lead you that way, I am certain you will meet with as hearty a welcome as I did from the kind inhabitants of ABER-MERLYN.

HISTORY OF ANCIENT PHILOSOPHY.—No. V.

(Continued from page 68.)

SECOND PERIOD.

PLATO.

THOUGH Socrates laid bare the errors of former systems, and showed how they might be avoided for the future, he erected no scheme of philosophy of his own. Contented with the successful event of his exertions in the cause of truth and morality, he left the development of the mysteries of nature to such of his successors as might be competent to build on the foundation he had laid. His immediate followers cautiously avoided entering on so vast an undertaking, and shrunk from a responsibility which their master had not been willing to encounter. Plato was the gifted mortal, for whom was reserved the honour of carrying into effect the ideas suggested by his great instructor, and we shall endeavour to set before our readers as clear an account of his philosophical principles as the brief space remaining to us will permit.

Plato states that his predecessors had sought to establish theories without knowing the nature of the science whose principles they attempt to lay down, and indulge in speculations on objects without inquiring into the qualities of that intelligence by which we are made aware of the existence of those objects. He, however, thinking that a workman should understand the nature of his tools before he begins to use them, commences by an examination into the faculties and operations of the mind. He separates the soul into two parts, the physical essence of life and muscular action which we have in common with brute animals, preserving the name of mind to that principle by means of which we perceive, think, reason—that faculty, in short, by the possession of which we are distinguished from other animals, and which renders the judgment of man superior to the instinct of beasts.

Taking this for a definition of the mind, we shall proceed with his chain of reasoning. The mind has two principal faculties, perception and thought, perception being the impression received from an external object, thought the operation of the mind on its ideas, by which it is enabled to examine, compare, and connect them in that harmonious form which may be termed judgment, and which is to ideas what language is to words, that is to say, a symmetrical union of the several members.

There appear to be three distinct operations of the mind; the first is perception. This exists from infancy, and resides in our senses, and may be termed the relation which exists between the object perceived and the individual perceiving. Our senses render us capable of seeing, feeling, and smelling; but we cannot exercise these faculties without there be some object to see, some matter to touch, some odour to smell. Perceptions then are the sensible effects

produced on the mind by external objects, and the traces of which are preserved by the memory. We now come to the next faculty, which consists in the power of comparing the divers classes of impressions stored up in the memory, and thence judging of the analogies or distinctions existing between them. An infant will cry because it cannot reach the moon—a mountaineer in a desert or a landsman at sea will form false estimates of distance. These errors of judgment can only be corrected by experience, that is, by collecting in the memory a series of examples of similar sensations, and by comparison judging of the due value to be allowed to each. This faculty we will name *understanding*. By it we are enabled to form notions of size and relation, and are able to *abstract* accidental circumstances of time and space from the images received by our senses. These present to us notions in a confused or *concrete* state, while by the understanding we are enabled to survey them in an *abstract* or clear and unencumbered state.

The combinations formed by the understanding enable us to form correct judgments of all things that exist, and will lead us to a just and extensive acquaintance with all the objects in the material world, or with those subjects which are treated of in what are commonly called the exact sciences. But these by no means form the limit of human intelligence. There is a sort of general notions not furnished by the perception of material objects, but derived from a totally different source. These Plato calls *IDEAS*, but the doctrine connected with them is so imperfectly developed in his writings, either from the difficulty of the subject or the wish to attach a mystery to the most abstruse portions of his science, that the greatest difficulty has been experienced by all (even the most competent) who have studied his philosophy in forming an intelligible explanation of his meaning.

IDEAS, he says, are the eternal and immutable forms, the nature, the essence of things. They have not been produced by impressions from external objects, and have therefore a peculiar existence and independent value. They are unlimited by any conditions of time, space, or form; they are general notions of the highest order. Not being derived like all other notions, they do not correspond with any form of matter, and are independent of experience, or *innate*. Through them we become acquainted with that which is *possible* or which *ought to exist*, as the lower faculties of mind enable us to form correct notions of *that which does exist*.

From this theory of *IDEAS* Plato derives natural theology, moral philosophy, metaphysics, and logic, and we shall perhaps best exemplify the meaning of his theory by a few specimens of his reasoning. "Nothing takes place without a cause. Now there are two kinds of *causes*, mechanical or *physical*, and *free* or intelligent. The first are subordinate and depend on other causes, which again must derive their power of action from some *absolute first cause*, which depends on no pre-existing condition, has nothing beyond it, cannot be produced and cannot disappear." This absolute first cause is the necessary being whose existence is forced upon our attention, by considerations independent of revealed religion, and whose power and goodness and glory were therefore intelligible to every philosophic

mind; but the definition that Plato has given of the Divinity is so Christian (if we may pardon such a use of the word), that we shall transcribe it:—"God is perception and supreme reason: legislator and judge, exempt from passions and from errors: source of goodness and truth, eternal and infinite, a star whose brightness and purity enlightens all intellectual beings: the model to which every creature endued with freedom of will and action should incessantly endeavour to assimilate itself." Though principally occupied with the science of mind, he has yet left some observations on matter, but which are imbued with the same philosophic spirit: as, for instance, "Extent in three dimensions constitutes body. Hence result figure and impenetrability. Bodies have two essential parts, *matter* and *form*—the first, inert and passive; the second, impressing on the first peculiar properties, and given to it by the Supreme Being."

Speusippus, Xenocrates, Polemon, Crates, and Crantor, were the most celebrated disciples of Plato, who derived their knowledge from his oral instruction, and are the most distinguished members of that school of philosophy, which is usually denominated the First Academy.

ARISTOTLE.

Among the disciples of Plato none was more diligent in his attention to the oral instruction of that great philosopher than Aristotle. Endued himself with faculties of the highest order, having cultivated them with most assiduous perseverance, and neglected no opportunity of profiting by lessons of his master, we are not to be surprised either at the multitude of his various attainments or the soundness of his views, when compared with the limited number of observations which at that period were in the possession of those who wished to obtain the principles of science from the process of induction. Aristotle has made use of the errors of the system of Plato, as well as its excellencies, and in avoiding the one and building on the other, has started from an elevation which not a little aided the soaring ambition of his genius. Among the other advantages enjoyed by Aristotle, we must not forget the patronage and countenance of Philip of Macedon, and of Alexander the Great. The royal treasures placed such means within his reach as the private fortune of a student and philosopher rarely can compass, and the conquests of his pupil not only introduced him to the skilful in science of the East, but furnished him with geographical and historical data, which enabled him to acquire that extensive information which he has liberally and so skilfully imparted to the world in his celebrated treatises. The vast accumulation of knowledge which would have crushed or confounded an inferior genius, only aided the operations of his accurate and penetrating mind, and enabled him to treat with more confidence in his own ideas on each particular branch of science. When we consider the number and variety of the subjects he has handled, the comparative state of ignorance on each and all previous to his time, and the permanence of the greater part of his reasoning, we are lost in astonishment at the extent of his information and the brilliancy of his attainments.

Aristotle in many points differs from and combats the opinions of Plato, and in no case more pointedly than in the refutation of his doctrines of *innate ideas*. These, he says, cannot exist, but that the operations of the mind inferred in Plato's philosophy by that denomination are merely purer abstractions of Plato's second faculty, the *understanding*, and are produced by a continuation of the same process of induction that furnished us with the subordinate causes of mental or physical phenomena. We derive all knowledge from induction or demonstration. Demonstration is founded on general, induction on particular notions. Of these the former are necessarily a consequence of the latter. We obtain general principles by the comparison and examination of particular cases, and build the reasoning of our demonstration on the axioms thus obtained. This doctrine, though divested of the poetry of Plato's subtle and mystical *ideas*, is consonant to the strictest logic and intelligible to plain sense, and is therefore more fit to be cultivated than the romantic flights into the regions of the sublime which have rendered it doubtful whether the disciple of Socrates understood himself. Aristotle may be considered the head of the *empirical* school, Plato the chief of the *speculative* school of philosophers.

The regions of science had been gradually increasing in extent and richness for some time previous to the appearance of Aristotle, but it was reserved for him to make greater additions to each individual department than were to be found in the accumulated knowledge of his predecessors in each. We possess only a part of his labours, and these furnish materials for a cyclopædia. Natural history, the useful and liberal arts, speculative science, moral philosophy, are all particularly treated, and though there is no work actually on mathematics, he constantly employs the reasoning of this department of science. We shall best exhibit the services he has done to mankind by cursorily enumerating the subjects of some of his principal treatises. His "History of Animals" consists of a vast collection of interesting facts and examples in natural history, which still supplies much useful information to the student, notwithstanding the aids that have since been invented for the rendering observations more exact, and which the ancients did not enjoy. The unassisted faculties were the only instruments they were endowed with, and under such unfavourable circumstances Aristotle classified and systematized a world of facts which has provided future writers on the same subject with an inexhaustible fund, whence to derive examples and confirmations of their theories.

His books on "the Soul," "the Memory," "the Senses," "Sound," "Colour," "Dreams," &c., are equally valuable, but we must hurry forward in our brief analysis.

Under the term "Metaphysics," the stagyrite includes "the knowledge of first principles and final causes, in which consists wisdom. Among the principles he lays down and supports by long arguments may be stated the following: "No thing can *be* and *not be* at the same time." "A thing must *be* or *not be*." "Causes of causes cannot be assigned to infinity." From these principles he proceeds to demonstrate the existence of a divine power, and opposing Plato in

almost every other point, unites with him in worshipping the might and majesty of the divine essence, the efficient cause of all subordinate causes, whose eye sees all, whose hand reaches all, and whose power rules all.

The three principal branches of practical wisdom according to his nomenclature are ethics, policy, and economy. These three branches, however, shoot from the same trunk, and are closely allied to each other; for moral discipline renders each individual a serviceable member of the society of which he forms a part, the restraints of civilization are instituted for the sake of ensuring the highest degree of felicity to those who live within its pale, and private or public economy contributes to the means of enjoyment of the individual or the aggregate. *Right* is founded on equality: *justice* is the exact observation of the rights of all: *laws* are the definitions of the limits and boundaries of rights. The general good is the end of policy (or, as we say, of government), and to attain that the rights of each must be guarded faithfully, and the laws paramount. In treating on these subjects Aristotle especially displays the superiority of his genius: his knowledge of mankind, of the world, and of history, furnished him with abundant facts for his deductions, and he has made such a use of his materials as proves him a master even among skilful workmen. In his ethics he enumerates, defines, separates, and classifies all human virtues. In his politics he determines the three essential forms of government, the changes which they undergo, and the combinations that may take place among them.

We must here close our review of the Aristotelian philosophy, which did not at first obtain in Greece all the celebrity it deserved. It was too solid, too sound, to be readily understood, or felt by the flighty imaginations of the Greeks, and the earlier followers of the sage of the Lyceum seem to have been incapable of disseminating his doctrines. We may, however, regret the loss of the writings of Theophrastus and Eudemus, which were devoted to the explanation of the obscurities which render the study of Aristotle so extremely difficult.

EPICURUS.

Four schools springing out from the seed sown by Plato and Aristotle, and which were nearly contemporaneous with each other, now appear; namely, the Epicureans, the Sceptics, the Stoics, and the New Platonists. We shall give a short account of the doctrine promulgated by the founder of each, commencing with Epicurus.

The common use of the word Epicurean to designate a person devoted to the satisfaction of every sensual appetite, has given rise to mistaken notions respecting the character and opinions of this philosopher, whose life was as free from imputations of immorality and sensuality as that of any of the most virtuous men of his time. The pursuit he followed was that of happiness, not of pleasure in its more ordinary signification, and we shall presently see the means by which he hoped to arrive at his end.

The doctrines of Plato and Aristotle were not adapted for vulgar minds. Common sense and ordinary abilities were not a sufficient preparation to master the difficulties. The one required an aptitude

for subtle metaphysical distinctions and disquisitions, the other a mind stored with the treasures of learning and familiar with the terms and reasonings of science. Nor must it be forgotten that when Epicurus flourished, the Macedonians had subjugated the degenerated Greeks, whose enfeebled minds still more broken by this last calamity had sunk into that unambitious state of resignation which renders slothful ease the most desirable blessing. To such a nation, so changed from what it had been in the fair days of Hellenic superiority, Epicurus addressed himself, and his precepts are suited to his scholars' circumstances of body and mind. His ideas of happiness seem not unlike those of the Indian philosophers, whose felicity consists in a state of perfect repose. Calm—perfect calm, a freedom from all the excitements of hope and fear, expectation or remembrance, a life without object, a death without regrets—such seem the points kept constantly in view. He avoids scepticism, for doubt is a principle of inquietude. He banishes superstition, for it is a source of terror. He recommends the practice of virtue, for without self-satisfaction you cannot enjoy repose. He even proposes an antidote for the fear of death, so wisely implanted in the human mind, by removing all hope for the future. "Good and evil cannot affect those who have no sensation, and with life all sensation expires. While we live, death is not yet; when we die, we are no longer any thing ourselves." Every thing is thus negative in the philosophy of Epicurus. If we escape pain or grief, it is by the sacrifice of what all mankind consider the most true enjoyments—we are indeed in repose, but it is the repose of the tomb.

The life of the philosopher was entirely conformable to his tenets. Though constantly suffering from a painful malady, his serenity and gentleness of spirit were never ruffled; his morals were pure, his frugality and moderation exemplary, and the agreeable intercourse which awaited his pupils, who were admitted to his table as well as to his lectures, drew round him crowds of admirers and followers, who on their part repaid his goodness with the most devoted, grateful affection. We are however anticipating our conclusion, for there still remain some points to be noticed with regard to his doctrine. We mean his attempted explanation of the universe and its phenomena by the properties of Atoms. The following is a brief statement of the principal points of his theory.

There are certain things which receive external impressions, others which enjoy a peculiar and inherent energy. The former are artificial productions, the latter natural beings. According to the different quantity or manner in which these latter are combined with each other, the apparent forms and tendencies of bodies are modified. These ultimate atoms are the primitive elements into which all things may be resolved.

We cannot better close our short account of this Materialist than by quoting two of his canons, which cannot be too strongly recommended to be practised. *When you speak, choose clear and generally understood expressions. When you listen, be careful to retain faithfully the sense attached to the terms employed.*

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

HISTORY, POLITICS, AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

The Life of **ALCUIN**.—T. Hurst, St. Paul's Church Yard.

THE secretary, favourite, and adviser of Charlemagne must have been no common person, and the details of his life both interesting and instructive. They are, however, but little known, and we are highly indebted to those who have first set before us in an English dress the work of the learned Dr. Lorenz. This history is the more interesting to us as it is that of an Englishman born and bred, and who, though residing in foreign courts, never forgot the land of his birth. As a specimen of the work we give an account of the state of civilisation in France towards the conclusion of the eighth century:—

“At the period of the conquest of Gaul by the Franks, the natives were far superior to their conquerors in intellectual cultivation. The permanent footing which the victors obtained had, however, no influence in refining their manners; and their adoption of the Christian religion contributed less to eradicate their barbarism than to increase their superstition. Instead of the new settlers acquiring a share of civilisation, the natives assimilated themselves to them more than the Romans had done to other tribes of Germany, by whom they had been subdued. In times when religion forms the sole subject of mental interest, we can judge of the general state of civilisation by the condition of the priests. From the moment that the Franks began to aspire to high dignities in the church, such a degeneracy of manners prevailed amongst the superior clergy, that we should scarcely credit the accounts of the ignorance and scandalous practices of many ecclesiastics, were they not recorded by Gregory himself. Intemperance in drinking, perjury, debauchery, adultery, and the most abominable cruelties were as common among the bishops as among the rest of the Franks. The contagion of their evil example spread among the inferior clergy; and had not some resisted the general depravity, and distinguished themselves by lives strict in proportion to the profligacy of the rest, or had not the ignorance and barbarism of the times been so great that the most absurd superstitions found a ready acceptance, it would be difficult for us to conceive how a religion could continue to be held in estimation, whose ministers surpassed other men not in virtue but in vice. The lives of the clergy being subject to no inspection, they sank still lower throughout the whole Christian world during the restless and warlike times when the sceptre was transferred from the enfeebled line of the Merovingian house to the more vigorous hand of the race of Charlemagne. A system, therefore, such as popery developed itself in its commencement, was a positive benefit to the middle ages. In the warmth with which popery is both attacked and defended, it is but too often overlooked, that there was a time when it was beneficial to mankind, as well as a time when it degenerated through the abuse of its power, and ripened for the destruction connected with the accomplishment of its objects. Every human expedient is the result only of peculiar exigencies; and no sooner does it cease to be necessary than it loses its importance, which no means, however artfully contrived, can restore. Were the Roman hierarchy now surrounded even by an army of Jesuits, we need not dread the thunders of the Vatican. The depravity of the clergy, however, proves how necessary it was in those days to create an authority distinct from

the temporal power to control their lives ; and we shall see hereafter, that, in the thorough reform undertaken by Charlemagne, he was induced to favour the hierarchy from a conviction of its necessity.

“ Charles Martel had imposed military service on the church, as well as on the other fiefs, and left it to the choice of the ecclesiastics either to resign their temporalities, or to perform the obligations under which they held them. The greater part preferred retaining them by this disgraceful tenure, to the alternative of being deprived of their possessions. Charles Martel even rewarded many of his adherents for their services in battle, with lands and offices belonging to the church, and appointed bishops who had neither capacity for their charge, nor any conception of its dignity.”

Some Observations on the Present State of Ireland. By Sir FRANCIS WORKMAN MACNAGHTEN, Bart. of Bushmills House, in the County of Antrim. Ridgway.

A Voice from Ireland upon Matters of Present Concern, addressed to the Legislators and Ministers of State. By DANIEL O’ROURKE, Esq. Ridgway.

During the past month the Press has unceasingly teemed with dissertations^s on Ireland, and these, among the number, are deserving of a passing notice. Sir Francis opens his Pamphlet with a very long and very unnecessary personal disquisition touching himself, and the disinterestedness of his views ; but there is much in the latter that entitles him to that which a neutral on this question at least need not be very sanguine of obtaining—credit for the sincerity of his professions. But, on a subject such as he undertakes to handle, we require some originality of conception, or suggestion ; and in these pages we look in vain for either. For instance, at page twelve, and subsequently, he gives utterance to a mass of contradictions ; simply because he repeats the hacknied sophistries of Lord Mulgrave’s eulogists and calumniators in a breath, because of his (Sir F.’s) great anxiety to be thought dispassionate. Then, the little he does say that is worth being told, is so studded with antique jokes and stale attempts at smartness, that one gets weary before the worthy Baronet well begins to explain himself. In fact, it is not very easy to discern what his leaning, if he have one, really is—he may be considered a sort of political phenomenon from the fact of his abstaining almost altogether from the mention of Mr. O’Connell’s name ; though he is certainly no admirer of that gentleman, as may be gathered from the following encomium of a very able man.

“ It is impossible to speak of the General Association without reference to Mr. Sharman Crawford, and I hope he will pardon me for having introduced his name. I deprecate his conduct. In my humble judgment, it has been unwise—and I lament that, with a reputation which must protect him from the conviction of guilt, it should be necessary to have recourse to his character for acquittal. It has not been my fortune to become personally acquainted with him, but I have heard him spoken of in many respects with approbation. I believe him to be an honest and a single-minded man—an excellent landlord, and an estimable country gentleman. For his sake, I could wish he would keep better company ; but for my own, I am not displeased to see him among his agitating associates, because he will not be voluntarily obedient to the mandates of any man, but be willing to insist upon his own co-ordinate authority. He has infinitely the advantage, in public estimation, over his competitor for fame. *Dolus versatur in generalibus*, but he shows us the point at which he wishes to arrive. He will be no party to chicanery or imposture ; he will not pretend to understand such jargon as ‘peaceful agitation,’—an every thing and a nothing—a calm hurricane—and a horizontal cataract. But what can he *do* ? His efforts may amount to what in the dialect of agitators

is called 'passive resistance.' No sane man would brave the perils of a victory. He can only be reluctantly submissive, but he must submit.

"Agitation can never relieve the wretched peasant from his burden, but it may deprive him of all hope of alleviation. It must exclude capital, and forbid the enterprise which would offer employment and wages to men who are unwilling to be idle, and who are perishing from want. Mr. Crawford is not the man to hold misery in derision, and to tell the poor creature who has not a morsel of bread, that some gentlemen in the Corn Exchange are fighting with shadows upon his behalf. He will not advise him to 'abide the pelting' of a tempest, because it may blow a feather for him to stick in his cap, or desire him, when jaded and exhausted with toil, and hunger, and sorrow, to run after bubbles by way of recreation.

"Mr. Crawford will not become a party to this cruel, to this wicked imposture. He is utterly disqualified for such work;—he has neither the heart nor the heartlessness to go through with it."

For those who object to wade through the political squabbles in the Daily Papers, this Pamphlet will not be uninteresting.

Daniel O'Rourke is by no means an ambiguous partisan, he goes to the full length of a determined hostility to the church establishment in Ireland as it has hitherto been preserved, and his opposition is not to be slighted. The truths in the subjoined extract have not often been so forcibly put:—

"There is no lack of venal and soft-headed persons to raise the hue and cry against honest men who prescribe a disagreeable remedy for national diseases. At one time, the church is said to be in danger; and the state being always secondary according to approved usage, is lost sight of in the greater calamity.* To be sure, the notion is somewhat stale; yet having succeeded heretofore in catching so many fools, it is not surprising that knaves should still resort to it as a tempting bait for so useful a purpose. But men are grown somewhat wiser, so that it does not succeed quite so well as it did in the days of Sacheverell and Lord George Gordon. It is now found out, that the revenues of the clergy are not the church, that deans and chapters are not religion, and that the office of a Christian bishop is somewhat different from that of a Lord bishop. Those who have paid any attention to inquiries so foreign to the habits of statesmen need not to be informed that religion is wholly a concern between man and his Maker, that the administration of it is a matter of taste and convention regulated by the opinions of the parties, and that it can subsist by its own energies without the intervention of cunning men to prostitute it for their own temporal advantage. Those who represent the political establishment of Christianity as essential to its preservation, entertain very mean notions of the subject, as well as of the motives that actuate its teachers. If they believed themselves they might be sent to the college of fishermen to correct their opinions; but knowledge and experience are thrown away upon men who identify religion with worldly dignities, and consider it of no value when shorn of political influence."

"A system of religion adapted chiefly to courtiers and country gentlemen, for whose benefit it mainly exists, is undeserving the comprehensive character of a national establishment. Such persons are fully able to bear the expense of its maintenance without drawing upon funds that would be applied more appropriately in providing instruction for those who cannot afford to pay for

* At all public dinners given by a certain political party, the standing toast is "Church and King," a somewhat curious reversal of the order of loyalty not quite in harmony with the law of the land. But when the fumes of intemperance take possession of the brain, our thorough-paced royalists are not always regardful of consequences. They may be excused, therefore, in such fits of absence for taking an excursion to the land of the Monikins where the *tail* is in greater request than the *head*, the post of honour being assigned to the former in exact proportion to the length and breadth thereof.

it. The spectral apparitions that pass before the eyes of certain politicians inducing an uneasy trembling for religion are nothing more than a hypocritical pretence for saving the pockets of the rich. That the support of Christianity depends not upon a well-paid army of ecclesiastics in the keeping of the state, is apparent from the successful exertions of the unpaid sects. It is true their clergy lay no claim to apostolical succession, nor do they pretend to extraordinary gifts; and they may be so far unfortunate. They are also less learned, less polite, and less burdened with wealth, than those within the pale; yet in spite of these disadvantages they are treading fast upon the heels of the establishment, and supplanting it in the affections of the common people. Whatever may be the quality of their teaching, their indefatigable labours betoken any thing but an indifference to Christianity, but their zeal for its diffusion will bear a safe comparison with that of the stipendiaries of the establishment. Should these therefore desert their posts, as seems to be apprehended, there need be no alarm for the fate of Christianity, which has so many to plead for it without their allurements. For some of the disadvantages experienced by the clergy of other sects, they are to be lightly reproached by their episcopal brethren, since it is to them that they are indebted for their inferiority. Not satisfied with a monopoly of ecclesiastical wealth, they have taken care to close the doors of education to all but their own party, so that if churchmen are better educated than other people, they owe it to exclusive privileges, unwisely conceded by the state. Perhaps the time is not far distant when so absurd a distinction between people dwelling in the same country, speaking the same language, and paying taxes to the same government, shall be thrown down. That it should have existed so long is a reproach to the nation, and a disadvantage to the state, whose clear interest it is to extend the benefits of education as widely as possible. Narrow-minded bigots seek only the aggrandisement of their own party, insensible to the ridicule and contempt which they draw upon themselves by their folly; but it is not thus that governments can afford to trifle with the prejudices of mankind or to alienate the affections of a people. Whatever pretensions may be advanced by interested narrow-minded persons in behalf of such a favouritism, their encouragement by the state is nothing less than political insanity."

Daniel's has been a very well-timed production, and in reading the three nights' orations which terminated on the 22nd ult. we fancy that we can select some of his commodity in the rhetorical displays of many after speakers.

Observations on Railways, with reference to Utility, Profit, and the Obvious Necessity for a National System. By RICHARD Z. MUDGE, F. R. S., F. G. S., &c. Gardner.

WE were about to bestow a very hearty commendation on this able Pamphlet, and, in the first place, to preface an encomium with a few remarks on the writer's claims to attention; but the latter point is so well expressed by himself, that we shall let him play his own herald to the reader:—

"The suspicion arising to the mind, on taking up a book or pamphlet on Railways, naturally occurs, that the writer, in some way or other, is an interested person; either a Railway speculator, an engineer, or a lawyer: in short, one who has a direct personal interest in some one of the many schemes which, having gone through all the stages of incubation, are now hatched, fledged, and, like the peacock with his spreading tail, exhibiting all their beauties and attractions to the admiring public.

"In the present case the author has, however, to claim for himself an exemption from this very reasonable inference. He has no interest, nor ever had, direct or indirect, in any railway; and, under the present unpromising aspect of the majority of them, as exhibited in a long narrow slip of paper printed every night, and published the following day,—a sort of speculator's gazette, termed 'The Share List,'—he may be credited, perhaps, for being

sincere, when he declares that he never will, at least until they shall be based on a better system than is unfortunately the case at the present moment.

"It is his intention, therefore, to offer some preliminary observations on the utility of railways; the probable profit of such as were approved by Parliament last session; and, subsequently, to suggest the best means for securing to the public all the advantages that may be derived from this newly adopted mode of conveyance."

This is very appropriately and judiciously said; and of the value of his contributions to the general stock of knowledge on a most important subject, we can, for our own part, bear extensive testimony. As to the utility of railways, he despatches the matter in a few words, leaving trite matters of fact to common-place minds, and comes to the pith of his subject at once. This mode of dealing with it fully bears out the title of the pamphlet, and will repay an attentive perusal. We do not subscribe to all his doctrines, and have not room just now to give the reasons for our dissent; but on the whole we think he has afforded a capital elucidation of a proposed improvement worthy of the most attentive consideration.

Let the projectors, rather than dupes, weigh well the lesson inculcated in the following:—

"As a matter of profit, and to induce the public to come forward in support of these undertakings, in many cases the most fallacious statements were put forth, and some of them so absurd, that it implies an almost incredible degree of credulity in the parties deceived by them. One company, proposing to expend two or three millions on a railway, put forth, as one of the sources of profit, the conveyance of cherries and strawberries to the London market! In short, so much nonsense was promulgated for the purpose of raising shares, that, had not the eyes of the multitude been blinded by desire of gain, the major part of the schemes would have been smothered in the birth.

"The fact really is, with reference to profit, that a reasonable doubt is entertained by those best qualified to form a correct judgment, whether any thing more than a *very moderate* profit will ever be realized eventually by any of the railways from the enormous expenses to which they will be liable; and a belief prevails that the chief part of those in contemplation, and for which bills have either passed, or are in progress of preparation to meet the ordeal of Parliament, should they commence tunnelling and cutting, according to the usual method, will be in the condition of the Thames Tunnel, with reference to the original capital, long before a very moderate proportion of the work shall be done."

These are the words of one thoroughly conversant with what he writes about; and he still more forcibly impresses the fruits of his knowledge to be unwary thus:—

"There are railways projected which would not be completed in the present generation, and in parts of the country where they could have scarcely any other source of profit than passengers. In those cases all natural obstacles are lost sight of, and melt away before the sanguine expectations of the speculators; mounds, banks, and tunnels, are contemplated, piercing through granite, slate, trap, quartz rock, and dolomite, hard or soft, no matter which, treating the whole family of primary rocks as if they were so much cheese! Such schemes would never have grown into existence, had a tribunal been originally instituted, competent to try the truth of their statements, and the practicability of their undertakings.

"It may naturally be asked, how can an engineer of reputation commit himself by engaging in an enterprise so little calculated to satisfy hereafter those who repose their trust in him? To this it may be answered, that a company being formed, directors and secretaries nominated, and the next object being the appointment of an engineer, a popular one is applied to; he has only time to give a hasty glance at the country, perhaps out of the windows of the mail, or a post-chaise; pronounces a qualified opinion at the next

meeting of directors, and cannot pronounce *decidedly*, without a further survey; that examination having followed, he makes a tolerably candid statement of the nature of a doctor's reply to a sick patient, not cutting off hope entirely. The directors still continue resolved that they *will* have a railway; and, finding that a certain sum of money may be gained, and that if he does not get it somebody else will, he determines to unite himself to the company; and then seriously begins business, by ordering detail surveys to be made. In fact the cupidity of the public has thrown all sorts of temptations in the way of those who are led to consider any legitimate professional means of making money as perfectly fair and justifiable."

We recommend these "observations" to general perusal.

EDUCATION.

Wyse on Education Reform. Vol. I. 8vo. pp. 553. Longman.

THE conductors of this Magazine have on many occasions expressed an opinion in favour of national education. It is delightful to find that this great cause has now such distinguished and able advocates as Mr. Wyse. As we shall have occasion in some future number to consider this work more at length, it will be sufficient for the present that we point out the general doctrines held and inculcated by the author.

The end of education cannot be happiness, for that is not a fixed quality, and it exists only by comparison; neither can it be confined within the narrow limits of human usefulness and expediency:—its end is higher,—it is no less than "the full *perfection* of our being in another world through the faithful discharge of *duty* here," and the means towards that end are "the full development of our double nature." Mr. Wyse divides education into two classes,—1st. Private or individual,—2nd. Public or national. It is of the latter branch that he treats exclusively.

In his preliminary observations he thus considers this great question, and at their close marks out the divisions under which he examines the whole *en détail*:—

"We live in an age and country in which the true principles of national glory and security are no longer questioned. We place them on the only basis capable of supporting them—on the national liberties and happiness: these, again, on the foundations of national intellect and virtue.

"No portion of the education of a country, on these principles, ought to be excluded; for there is no portion which does not exert some influence on the country. Private and public—individual and national—all are co-operating causes, of more or less weight, in the one common result.

"But peculiar obstacles may preclude the state from any immediate interference with private education. The sensitiveness of freedom, the fastidiousness of national habits, may shrink from such intrusion. Not so with public. It is, or ought to be, the immediate object of its solicitude; it belongs to all; it is, in the fullest sense, national. The nation ought to interfere in its establishment and management.

"But what are the considerations which such an interference implies? That the education should be perfectly well adapted to the important purposes for which it is intended. An education counteracting these purposes, or not in entire harmony with them, is an injurious or defective education. No state is called on to protect, no state should permanently permit, the existence of such an education. It would be a perpetual *contre-sens* on the largest scale. The admission of the utility of intellect, of the necessity of virtue, and perseverance in measures adapted only to discourage both, is at once an error in logic and morality.

"The goodness, then, of education, is the first object to be looked to. The diffusion of a bad system is the diffusion of an evil. Numbers here, so far

from being matters of congratulation, are matters of regret. When we are told there are 60, or 600, or 6000 schools, we are told nothing,—sometimes worse than nothing. We do not ask for buildings, we ask for education.

“But if the system be a *good* system,—if every day furnishes in the increased improvement of the moral and intellectual habits of the people—evidence positive and decisive of its goodness,—then, indeed, the question of extending such a blessing to all our population becomes an object of deep importance; and the adoption of every means which can accelerate its extension is a *duty*.

“But there is a third consideration, essential to the efficiency of the other two: the education may be the best; it may fully answer the high ends for which it is designed; it may have already produced a new race of men; it may have gone far to reform the morals and mind of the country. Again: these changes may be general; the spirit may have passed over every water, the light penetrated into every dwelling. Instruction may be found on every hill,—under every green tree! What secures the permanency of this blessing? where are its roots laid? on what does it live? Enthusiasm is a wayward nurse, and may desert its offspring at the very hour when its sustaining arm may be the most necessary. The contributions of charity are fluctuating—often fleeting; national grants are the instruments of parties; modern largesses often voted for the object of the hour,—sometimes proposed with little consideration, at others rejected with less. Are these to be the only assurances which a nation should have for the duration of its education; a blessing which ought to be bound up with the very existence of the nation itself? It is not sufficient that it be *good*, nor that it be *extended*; we must have pledges that it will *last*: in other words, there must be means, not for its establishment only, but for its continued support. To resume,—national education should, in the first place, be *good*; in the second, *universal*; and in the third, should be provided with *means* for its *permanent support*.”

It would be presumptuous within the short limits of a magazine notice to offer any analysis of the different chapters. Let it suffice for us to express an opinion not advanced without deliberation, that this great topic, which is now generally canvassed, has met with no advocate who unites to a very laudable zeal and earnestness in the cause a greater degree of knowledge and discretion than the honourable member for Waterford.

The Philosophy of Education. By J. SIMPSON, Advocate. 12mo. Black, Edinburgh. Second Edition.

THE most striking feature in the improvement of the educationists of this country is that their works are not as they used to be, abstruse and theoretical, involving the mysteries of metaphysics, but are become plain, practical, and sensible. The principles are correctly laid down and traced to their highest sources; but they are always seen in connexion with the practical, application. Mr. Simpson is well known in Scotland and in the north of England as a zealous and discreet advocate of national education, and he has for some years been an active patron of the great work of philanthropy which is doing in the north. We congratulate him on the solid marks of approval that his labours have met in different ways; and while we earnestly recommend to the perusal and study of our readers his small but concisely-written volume, we wish its author the enjoyment of a life which he has hitherto devoted, and we doubt not will still devote, to the furtherance of POPULAR EDUCATION.

GEOGRAPHY AND NATURAL SCIENCE.

A Guide for Invalids to the Continental Watering Places. Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill.

THIS very excellent little book furnishes the sickly or unstable with an ex-

cellent manual to guide them in the search after health and fashion. We cannot explain better its objects, than by an extract from the preface, promising our readers that it amply fulfils the object of its profession :—

“Individuals anxious to visit, either from motives of health or pleasure, the Continental Watering-Places, are frequently at a loss where to bend their steps, owing to there being no published Guide directing to those places whose waters possess the most powerful medicinal virtues, or where there are other inducements, in many instances as attractive and efficacious as the waters themselves.

“There can be no doubt, that mineral waters produce very salutary effects in many cases of human infirmity ; but, perhaps, more than one half of the virtues they are said to possess may be ascribed to the relaxation, the temperance, and change of scene and air, which patients enjoy at watering-places, and, above all, to the constantly varied and unfatiguing amusements, which, as it were, draw the valetudinarian from himself, and inspire livelier ideas than any he has been accustomed to indulge. It is on this principle that we may easily account for the numerous cures imputed to the waters. Many people have no other object than pleasure or pastime in frequenting them ; and such temporary retreats from business will enable them to return with fresh vigour of body and mind to the duties of their respective stations.

“The author, who has visited many, not only of the watering-places most frequented, but those little known to the world, has been induced to collect the opinions of the best writers on this subject, and arrange them with his own observations in such a manner that they may be understood by the public, omitting in general those analytic experiments, which are perfectly uninteresting to ordinary readers. This little work will answer the purpose the author had in view, if it should afford useful information to the different classes of persons for whom it was designed, whether they may have consulted it from motives of curiosity or health, or with the mixed desire of gratifying both.

“It may here be observed, that most of the watering-places in France have a resident medical inspector, appointed by government, whose duty it is to make himself fully acquainted with the properties and medicinal virtues of the waters at the respective stations—an arrangement which, in some places, is highly necessary for the safety of the invalids, who, in many cases, might employ them in diseases in which they were prejudicial, or use them in a manner inconsistent with their complaints. We now find a superintending physician at almost all the principal mineral sources in that country—men of good education, who form a useful and gentlemanlike addition to the society of the place, affording every information, not only to the invalid, but to the naturalist, who may be induced to visit any of these sequestered spots.”

Conversations on Nature and Art. John Murray, Albemarle St.

A CHARMING little volume containing all the popular information on the mysteries of nature and science that may be conveniently communicated to the young or otherwise uninstructed, and which we strongly recommend to the use of parents and schoolmasters, as peculiarly adapted for the purposes of education, and eminently fitted for general instruction. It is not the least merit of this unpretending little work that it is given in the form of dialogue, a mode of writing which we perfectly well remember, from our own experience, has peculiar fascinations for the infant mind.

Caracteres Phrenologiques et Physiognomiques des Contemporains les Plus Celebres. Par THEODORE PONPIN. 8vo. Bailliére.

WE sit not down to weary our reader, with our own musings upon Phrenology, but to introduce to him the author of a most delightful book, interesting alike to the phrenologist and to the student of character. It is an

assemblage of masterly ideas, or as our author himself styles it, "a mixture of phrenology, philosophy, physiognomy, poetry, axioms, religion, drama, and even politics."

The work opens with several short but able chapters upon phrenology and physiognomy, their respective histories as a science, and their utility. Under the latter head, as applied to phrenology, we are induced to offer a quotation :

"The study of phrenology is useful both to the moralist and the physician.

"For the moralist, inasmuch as it enables him to discern that morality is indispensable to happiness. It assures him that moral laws are as inherent in human nature as the principles of arts and sciences, and the vegetative laws of organisation ;—it shows him the difficulties of judging others with accuracy and justice, and the error that we constantly commit in assuming ourselves as the moral and standard of the human race, praising only what we admire, and blaming that which does not accord with our own manner of acting and of thinking. Phrenology, too, will explain to him the necessity for mutual charity in every thing that does not militate against the universal rules of reason and virtue.

"As moral causes frequently disturb the vegetative functions, phrenology becomes equally useful to the physician. Without phrenology the doctrines of mental alienation will be merely conjecture and empirical, for an accurate knowledge of the phenomena of the mind in a state of health will be absent. Conformably to this principle men had recourse, during the early ages, to exorcism, under the belief that the insane were possessed of evil spirits ;—or they were abandoned to their fate and to nature, under the belief that the soul possessed an action uninfluenced by the body. Restored to the conviction by the aid of phrenology, that mental alienation depends upon corporeal causes, and that the immediate cause resides in the brain, the physician will treat the insane according to the principles of general disease.

"Phrenology is also useful to human happiness in pointing out the path to be pursued in the perfection of human nature.

"We therefore do not hesitate to affirm that, with time, phrenology will become, as it is already in Germany, the science of sciences ; it will improve the condition of individuals, of families, of nations ; it will rectify all philosophical systems, will establish a certain and unchanging psychology, and will serve as the foundation of all future social institutions."

M. Ponpin then deems it necessary to display, simply and distinctly, the anatomy of the brain and skull, in reference to the science ; he concludes the chapter by saying :—

"All this is doubtless very tedious, and but little interesting ; but this description is necessary to those who have never studied anatomy. The comprehension of the following pages depends upon the knowledge given in these preliminary chapters. Better is it that the first twelve pages should be tedious to the reader than that the successive chapters should remain unintelligible for want of this same anatomic chapter, for the which we most humbly crave the pardon of our readers."

A very necessary and important topic in the study of Phrenology,—The influence of the temperaments upon the affective and intellectual phenomena—is thus agreeably discussed in the eighth chapter ; it is scenic and conversational. The patron of the work replies to the author :—

"According to your opinion then, Mirabeau and Burnani were indebted for the exercise of courage, eloquence, decision, and circumspection, to the possession of a bilious temperament ?"

"Yes, and agreeably to my system, that persons of a sanguine temperament like yourself, my dear Jules, have generally a vivid perception, a faithful memory, and a fertile and lively imagination ; that they are generous, satirical, and joyous, and born foes of indifferent cheer, picquet, and melancholy.

* * * * *

— But the sanguine man is ordinarily fickle and inconstant —

— All phrenologists admit the influence of the temperaments and of the organic constitution of the brain upon the modification of the affective and intellectual phenomena in relation to their quality and quantity;—but they do not attribute to the temperaments any special quality. According to them the temperament gives more or less activity and perfection to the faculties with which all are endowed.

There are four principal temperaments, the lymphatic, sanguine, bilious, and nervous.

“The *lymphatic* is recognised by a pale countenance, thick skin, soft and compressible muscle, without elasticity, bloated face, thick dependent lips, half-opened mouth, blond and smooth hair and blue eyes. In such persons all the functions are slow, and the cerebral activity feeble.

“The *sanguine*, allied with a bulky body, possesses a high-coloured and flushed face, smooth firm skin, rounded limbs, elastic muscle, warmth of surface, active perspiration, vermilion lips, blue eyes, hair generally chestnut, and features expressive.

“The countenance of the *bilious* temperament is dark-coloured, the skin dry and compact, features prominent and hard, muscle firm, hair and eyes black, and a piercing, almost electric, glance.

“The *nervous* temperament is accompanied with a lean body, with little or no colour, skin thin and delicate, none or but little hair, great nervous susceptibility, and rapidly changing features.

“These temperaments are, however, but rarely simple and pure, but are generally more or less combined.”

Then follows a chapter upon phrenological classification, which is simply and clearly explained, and which closes what may be considered the elementary, though highly important portion of the book.

Our Author then engages upon the main intention of the work, which is explicitly expressed in the title which he has given to it. He explains the application of each of his organs by the head of a remarkable and celebrated individual whose portrait accompanies the sketch. We are thus introduced in succession to the most distinguished men in France, as, Gall, Casimir, Perier, Lafitte, Dupuytren, Talleyrand, Braussais, Beranger, La Martine, Chateaubriand, Victor Hugo, Orfile, Arago, Cuvier, De la Meunais, Geoffroy St. Hilaire, Scribe, and many of other countries, as Sir Walter Scott, Rossini, &c., in all thirty-seven, whose portraits, good likenesses and well executed, illustrate the description.

Here the phrenologist in good truth put his science to the fairest test, while he compares the form of the developments with the well-known character and peculiarities of the individual. We have but one regret, which is that the volume is not English, and founded entirely upon English characters, which would be better appreciated. We wish this only for the mass of the world, for ourselves and for those who avail themselves of the abundant means of information daily presented to the public, the characters of all the personages are as familiar as that of our most popular statesmen or philosophers. We select one from among the characters so beautifully described in this book, and we sincerely regret that we cannot place more before our readers.

Sir Walter Scott is made the type of inhabitiveness, and the position of the organ, large in the head of the bard of the north, is pointed out.

“We have heard philosophy reproached with the crime of extinguishing in our hearts the love of country and of social home. Wretched and ridiculous accusation! When France shall be no longer beloved, Frenchmen will exist no more—there will remain no patriotism. Patriotism is the sacred fire that burns for ever—it is the blood of our veins—the pulse of our heart. La

patrie! la patrie! is the last word we should exclaim, were the entire world crumbled to dust.

"There are some men who regard love for one's native place as a kind of fanaticism; mind how you speak before them of the village where your eyes first beheld light, of your attachment to the very earth, to the atmosphere, to the village bell, or to the gentle murmur of the passing stream. All this is impenetrable mystery to their cold and egotist souls—in such hearts self is the dominant power, such men love nought but themselves;—they possess not a single generous association; listening to them you might believe that they exist without having submitted to the weakness of infancy—that they are secure from the tomb.

"Delicious is the privilege to enjoy the remembrance of a spot upon the earth, where all our delightful dreams are assembled, our youthful loves and our parting hour! Delicious to picture a happy life in the little white cottage sheltered with rosy tiles, as did Rousseau. There are you known by the very trees that grace the hamlet—that crowing cock announced your birth, that wooden cross looked on whilst you received the name of Christian—that heavenly star rose through the ethereal arc to protect your life—the old church portals have creaked a kindly welcome to your repeated presence. There alone are you at home, and beside your family;—there rests your father, there sleeps your mother;—there were you a helpless babe;—there will you return in old age.

'O village charmant, O riantes demeures,

Il semble qu'une autre air parfume vos rivages,
Il semble que leur vue ait ranimé mes sens;
M'ait redonné la joie et rendu mon printemps.'

"I remember," says Bernadin de Saint Pierre, 'that when I arrived in France on board a vessel from the East Indies, as soon as the seamen came in sight of the coast of their country, they became incapable of further labour. Some looked upon it without power to avert their eyes, others put on their best clothes, some whispered in the others' ears, others wept. As we approached nearer, their emotion increased: they had been absent several years.'

"There is a little Swiss air called the 'Rang des Vaches.' At one period it was not permitted to be played in France or Holland, for on hearing it the Swiss soldiers deserted by companies.

"Sir Walter Scott's exclusive love for Scotch subjects shows his attachment for Abbotsford and Scotland. Passionately attached to the ancient customs of his country, he solaced himself in his inability to follow them religiously, by his warm descriptions. His pious admiration of the national character induced us to choose him for our type, an admiration which compels Mr. Jedediah Cleishbottom to detail every point of character, even to the very faults.

"Addressing Washington Irving, in one of their walks from Abbotsford, Sir Walter exclaims, 'Here, then, I have led you like the Pilgrim in the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' to the summit of these delicious hills, that I might spread before your eyes all the beauties of our country. There is Lammermoor and Smailholme—there is Galashiels and Torwoodlee—there Gala Water;—and in this direction you see Tiviotdale and the Yarrow: and this silvery thread that winds beneath your eye is the limpid current of Ettrick that empties itself into the Tweed.' He continued, passing in review all the celebrated names of the songs of Scotland, and which at the present day owe their lively interest solely to his pen.

I looked around me for some time with mute surprise, I might say in mute

disappointment. A succession of gray hillocks, crowned by undulating and monotonous crests, extended one behind the other as far as the eye could reach. You could nearly have seen a large fly walking along their marginal profiles, so sterile and bare of vegetation were they.

" 'When I have passed some months in Edinburgh,' said Sir Walter, 'I wish myself at home amongst my honest, simple, gray-tinted hills. In truth, were I not to see our fogs at least once a year, I believe I should die.'

" It is said the Lady Morgan rivals Sir Walter Scott. Truly she treats like him on national subjects, but there is in the writings of that lively lady, much more of love of approbation than of inhabitiveness. And we must confess (however ungallant and unworthy of a French pen) that Lady Morgan appears to be endowed with much less of national pride than of personal vanity. She speaks with pleasure of the Irish, but it is, says a contemporary, of an Irish girl, of whom she speaks particularly and constantly with enthusiasm: they add also, doubtless slanderously, that this Irish girl is herself! So that Miss O'Halloran in O'Donnell, and the attractive Lady Clarence in Florence M'Carthy, are simply full lengths of Lady Morgan, considerably embellished by the Author.

* * * * *

The historical romances of Ireland are read, the romantic histories of Scotland arouse enthusiasm. Victor Hugo gives a reason for this fact.

" 'The reason,' says he, 'is simple. Lady Morgan possesses the tact to observe what she sees, memory to retain her observations, and management enough to relate at the best moment that which she has remembered; but her science goes no farther. Thus her characters, sometimes well traced, are not supported. Next to a trait which may strike you for its truth, because she has copied it from nature, you find another offensive for its falsity, because she has invented it. Walter Scott, on the contrary, conceives a character after having observed carefully a single indication; he sees it in a word and paints it the same; his excellent judgment prevents him from erring, and that which he creates is almost always as true as that which he observes. When talent is carried to this point, it is more than talent; we may therefore reduce the parallel to two words. Lady Morgan is a clever woman;—Walter Scott a man of genius.

We quit this work with sorrow, for it contains many admirable moral sentiments and interesting sketches. It is well fitted for a drawing-room, and deserves to be generally read and carefully studied.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

The Carthusian. Taylor.

THIS is the first number of a periodical apparently designed to afford a sort of antithetical satire on the cheap literature of the day. It consists of the effusions of the School Boys of Charterhouse, and is modestly charged half-a-crown, being about half the size of the *Monthly*. If there be reading fools enough to warrant the appearance of a second number, we are no prophets. The unfledged contributors evince a healthy viridity emblematic of extreme greenness in the world of letters. We recommend them to adhere to penny buns and gingerbread for another couple of years at least.

The Monk of Cimiés. Darton and Son, Holborn Hill.

THIS story is written with a view to expose the miseries and mischiefs incident to the monastic state and the errors of Roman Catholicism. The exposure of these errors is effected in the course of the biography of a Mr. Hetherington, the second son of an Irish nobleman. He, though from his violent temper and profligate habits unfit for such a profession, is intended for the

church. He enters upon his sacred calling, which by sundry acts he disgraces, and is finally converted to Catholicism. He is convinced of his errors after having been for a short time behind the scenes of the farce of papistry, and returns to the bosom of the episcopal church. A love story of course is attached to the more important incidents of the tale, and some parts of the narrative are stuffed full of horrible crimes and narrow escapes. The hero but just slips through the hands of the Inquisition—is made aware of poisonings and assassinations through the medium of the confessional, and is himself as complete a scoundrel as one could well imagine. The story is well enough told, and some of the descriptions of scenery are sufficiently vivid, but the religious disquisitions are, we think, of too subtle a nature to be intelligible by those who have not especially devoted themselves to the study of such topics. We give a few extracts as specimens of the style:—

"The subterranean chapel was not now, as I had before seen it, partially illuminated by the flickering flame of a single torch, but blazing with many lighted tapers; there were six or eight upon the altar before the crucifix, bringing forward in strong relief not only the marble figure of the Dead Saviour, but that of a beautiful Magdalen weeping at the foot of the crucifix (a figure which I had not before observed), with an infinitude of rich marbles, gems, and emblazonments. In the centre of the hall was a bier covered with a black pall on which the beloved remains were laid out, having at the feet and head many burning tapers, a small cross in silver being placed upon the breast.

"The strong glare of these numerous lights had penetrated far into the deep and dismal recesses of this last receptacle of the household, filling up the shadowy outlines I had first seen within the mournful abode, and showing many old sarcophagi and mural niches, all of which had already, no doubt, received one or more tenants. The air of these subterraneous chambers was filled almost to suffocation with the odour of the frankincense which burned before the altar in a sort of brazier.

"I rushed forward until within one or two feet of the bier, and then came to a stand, fixed to the spot as if under the influence of some horrid spell. The figure which reposed on that cold bed was arrayed in the perfect costume of a novice, such as she appears in the day of her espousals, with a crown of roses on her veiled brow. The roses on the head of the poor corpse before me looked perfectly fresh,—I presume that they were as artificial as all else in the complicated system to which she had been made the sacrifice; the head of the corpse was slightly elevated by a cushion; the pale hands were brought before and united on the breast; the face was covered with white cere-cloth curiously cut in figures; the feet were concealed by the long black robe. And there she lay in total stillness—that fair creature, who but a short time since had opened all her heart to me, and told me the tale of her disastrous love, of which I was myself the miserable object—a love which, under the impressions I then had, I could hardly consider any thing else than adulterous; for had she not entered into the most solemn engagements, of a nature of which I cannot now speak without feeling that I am speaking blasphemy?

"Were I to write volumes I could hardly explain all that passed in my mind in that dread hour, in that dread hall: at length, as making a desperate effort, I stepped near the bier and raised the covering from the face; but all that remained amid the ravages of death of what was formerly so exquisitely beautiful, but faintly brought back the memory of that lovely one. There were, indeed, the delicately formed lips, the lovely and pencilled eye-brow, but set and fixed in death, and a forehead white as marble of Carrara. I placed my hand upon the forehead; it was hardly cold, and yet the seal of death was so indelibly set on every feature, there could be no mistake; but I felt that in looking longer on those features, madness must ensue. I pressed my lips upon the polished brow, and rushed as hastily from the grottoes as I had entered into them."

This is the body of his cousin, who has turned nun for love of him, when she

found herself for ever separated from the object of her love, by the impenetrable barrier of the convent. The following are descriptions of the scenery on the coast of the gulf of Genoa, in the neighbourhood of Cimiés, and of the monastery itself :—

“What in nature is more magnificent than this road which is designated the Corniche, and which, in my time, was little more than a ledge over the precipices for the foot of the goat or the mule? It is here that the Alps extend themselves to the sea, not coming down with gentle slopes, but boldly and abruptly, presenting to the mariner, precipices of granite, or perhaps marble, in some places of three or four or more thousands of feet; these rocks, extending themselves in lengthened promontories into the sea, forming beautiful small bays, and having for the most part some picturesque town of unknown antiquity fixed either at the end of each promontory, or the bottom of the bay. Add to these deep ravines, through which pour, or rather rush, copious mountain torrents,—woods of infinite depth and shade,—castles and convents scattered here and there,—and vestiges even of times before the Christian era; for it is on a point of one of these promontories, a culminating point which commands on one side the hills of France and the bay of Antibes, and old Vente Mighlia, Bordegherra, and Ezza, with many other cities of ancient Liguria on the other, that stands the Trophœa Augusta, still commanding though in ruin; and when these images are all brought together, what more can be contributed of beautiful and wonderful to form a series of scenes most astonishing to the eye?

“The site of the monastery of Cimiés is in the centre of that ancient Roman city, which was built on an eminence near where the Cemmenos Mountains, or Maritime Alps, are terminated by the sea. The original name of the town was Cimmelion,—a name compounded of Cemmenos and Ilion,—thus bringing together past and present ages in one point of view, for here was a comparatively modern Ilion, though now in ruins. To give an idea, to one who has never gone beyond the sea-girt borders of his native island, of the sort of country in which Cimiés is situated, would, I conceive, be almost impossible. Description is a poor thing, unless to restore that which has been seen, or something like it; nevertheless, I will do what in me lies to describe this place of severe and retributive suffering to me.

“The comparatively rude fabric of superstition in which I had taken refuge had been first raised in that place, on the ruins of the ancient Cimiés, as long back I apprehend as the Carlovingian era. The city had stood on a bold and broken ledge of rock, partially covered with soil, near where the Maritime Alps are washed by the Mediterranean; this ledge being separated on the east from other abrupt and rugged heights by the stony bed called Paglion, which is sometimes so dry as to be passed without the fear of wetting even the soles of a lady’s slipper, and again becomes the channel of a tide so fierce, rushing from the snowy mountains in the back ground, as to force back and to disturb the waters of the ocean.

“The comparatively modern town of Nice lies at the mouth of the Paglion; and a little to the left of Nice is the hill and fort of Montaulban, so often spoken of in the records of the dark ages.

“To the north and west of Cimiés are rugged heights, tumbled one upon another, in a manner to baffle the most skilful topographer, and intersected with deep ravines, of which some are so narrow as well to deserve the epithet of the dark valleys bestowed on them. The soil is every where rugged and stony; not a blade of grass is to be observed, but a number of beautiful saxifrages and flowering shrubs, the almond, the aloe, and the caroube being frequent. Here also are vast fields of olive trees, and not unseldom a country house, painted with some brilliant fresco, with overhanging roofs flanked with clumps of shapely cypress, and stiff gardens of orange and citron trees, is seen perched on heights which no vehicle, not having wings, could ever be expected to attain. The whole region is intersected by narrow lanes,

walled on each side, and crossing each other at various angles, each opening having a doorway and porch, of which the picturesque form brings to the mind some ancient representation of Italian scenery or some old Bible print. The whole extent of the hill, or of that portion of the mountain especially called Cimiés, was either scattered with ruins, or sprinkled with little shrines and chapels, amongst which such as were dedicated to St. Rosalie, who is represented with a bleeding heart in her hand, were by far the most numerous. Here is an ancient Roman theatre, of which much remains; baths and tombs, broken pillars, sarcophagi, and ruins of temples; but, inasmuch as the neighbouring town of Nice has attracted most of the inhabitants of Cimiés for ages past, there is now shed through this whole scene of ancient pomp, an air of gloom and desertion which I cannot describe, though it suited the diseased state of my mind at that time to explore these ruins, and to meditate amongst them on the vanity of present things."

We sincerely recommend this very useful work to the consideration of all such as have at heart the interests of Protestantism, and are desirous of encouraging so talented a lady as Mrs. Sherwood in her efforts to promote the good cause.

Mrs. Maberly, or the World as It Will Be. 3 Vols. post 8vo. Macrone.

THIS book has been most unmercifully abused by some of our contemporaries; and though we do not profess to take up the cudgels in defence of the author, we must say that such *violent* censure is not deserved. Leaving undiscussed propriety in the choice of the story, which is ridiculous enough, and not new,—inasmuch as the 'Mummy' had previously removed the veil from futurity, and indulged us to our hearts' content with absurdities of steam-judges, balloons, &c. &c.,—we must grant to the author a little tact in the management of his characters, and some knowledge of the conversational machinery of novel-writing.

With these short observations, we leave a very laughable book in the reader's hands. He must judge for himself.

Manuella, or the Executioner's Daughter. 3 Vols. post 8vo. Bentley.

THE author of these volumes presents his readers with a Spanish romance drawn from its modern history; and certainly on such a subject he might, one would think, have fairly acquitted himself; but has decidedly failed, and failed owing to a mistake in the qualities of his own mind. If, instead of attempting what is utterly beyond his power—to weave a number of probable incidents into a connected and consistent story—he had confined himself to the humorous or grave description of the different scenes and events that he has witnessed, he would have been more useful and more entertaining. There can be little doubt that the writer has been in Spain for some time; his language is that of an eye-witness, and his familiarity with the manners of the people indicates a considerable length of residence. We would caution those, however, who are inclined to venture the task of reading "Manuella," against taking for granted the truth or probability of the thousand and one plots and intrigues recorded in its pages. The writer must have stood open-mouthed in the chief square of Madrid ready to devour all the rumours that passed on the wind, and then have transferred them to his paper as the illustrations of the troublous disasters of priest-ridden Spain.

We said before, that the author should have confined himself to the description of scenes and events. We may add that he is successful in hitting off character. The soldier Curé, we have little doubt, is the true portraiture of an abandoned priest, driven by desperate fortunes from the pursuit of saving souls, to the more congenial trade of murdering her Catholic Majesty's liege subjects. The gormandizing lily-livered Colonel with his *pâtés aux perigords* is also admirably drawn. Of the scenes—we like best the bull-fight, and the bolero. The latter is sprightly and in good taste. We shall be happy

MARCH, 1837.

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to recognise the unsuccessful novelist in the more sober but better fitting dress of the anecdotist—the painter of men and manners.

Poems—Original and Translated, by C.P. WYATT, B.A. J. Fraser. IN the iron age of poetry, it is refreshing to find that the Muses have not entirely left their abode on earth. So seldom are we privileged to read a bit of true poetry from the pen of our contemporaries that we are quite out of practice in such criticism. It may be a blunder on our part; but we think that in the little volume before us there are some very pretty gems.

Let a few extracts decide the truth or falsehood of our judgment.

THE KNIGHT OF ARKENDALE.

THE valiant knight of Arkendale—from Holy Land he came,
Where quailed the Saracen before the terror of his name;
Now tired of siege and battle, for home his bosom burned,
And to his native halls and lands content the chief returned.

What change comes o'er thy joyous brow, brave knight of Arkendale?
Why pausest thou so suddenly? why doth thy cheek grow pale?
Why look'st around bewildered? Perchance, there's one can say:
This aged man that meets thee here upon thine homeward way.

"O what is this, thou aged man?" the knight in wonder cried;
"Where be the towers that once stood upon that hill's brown side?
Where be the huts and shepherds all down this pleasant vale?
And where oh! where the lady of the knight of Arkendale?"

"Sir knight," replied that aged man, "the lord of these domains
Long time hath sought the distant wars on Syria's burning plains;
His vassals deemed he bold, and his lady true and kind,
And his towers strong! it irked him naught of danger left behind.

"Sir Mark of Hellbeck was his foe: scarce had a year gone o'er,
Ere on the lands of Arkendale with fire and sword he bore;
He came with all his warriors, and scoured the valley through,
The shepherds fled, the armed fought—brave men, but ah! too few.

"He came with ladder and with torch, and hemmed the castle round,
And the stately towers burned and blazed, and crumbled to the ground."
"Enough, good man!" exclaimed the knight; "despite this woful tale,
Sir Mark of Hellbeck yet may know the knight of Arkendale.

"But, say, what of the lady that the knight had left behind?
His faithful wife, where is she gone, that was so true and kind?"
"O knight! the faithless lady!—not many moons had shone,
Ere she her own knight had forgot, and with a stranger flown.

"A southern lord to Arkendale, while yet its castle stood,
Came young and gay; his honied words the beauteous lady woo'd:
Of plighted vow she recked not, nor of her marriage bed,
But lightly with her paramour to other bowers fled."

"And is it thus?" the knight exclaimed; and "dost thou tell me true?"
"Now Heaven in anger grant," he said, "that falsehood I may rue!"
"Then is the fate too cruel," the soul-struck warrior cried,
"That not in Syria's battle I by Paynim steel had died!"

"Enough, enough, thou aged man! My faithful vassals gone,
My ravaged lands, my castle razed, fierce vengeance might atone;
These had not bowed my spirit: though spent with years and toil,
The knight of Arkendale had yet wreaked justice for the spoil.

"But she, for whom through every scene of glory I have mourned,
Reposing on whose love and truth with joy I home returned,—
The loved one of my bosom—what more can life avail?
Death is the only boon that waits the knight of Arkendale!"

A few brief days, and that old man the warrior's eyes hath closed,
And where he first had tasted love in death the chief reposed:
Below his mouldering castle, down in that lonely vale,
He lies. God rest thy weary soul, poor knight of Arkendale!

THE MOOR'S LAST SIGH.

ON yon Sierra's loftiest hill,
That far and wide surveys,
A haggard crowd there stood and still,
In melancholy gaze;
There had they check'd their flight and stayed
To look on all behind them laid.

It was Granada's outcast race
That halted on that height,
Whence their fair city's minaret-blaze
Bounded the distant sight;
Silent they stood, nor strove to tell
The breakings of their hearts' farewell.

For when that hill above them lowers,
When crossed those mountains blue,
No more shall old Granada's towers
Greet the poor exiles' view;
Their latest look on all so dear,
Their latest sojourn—must be *here*.

They knew it well, they knew it well;
And full their bosoms grew,
As in that lingering farewell
Th' embitter'd soul they threw,
And mute and motionless stood there
With the fond firmness of despair.

They knew it well; and long they stood
In agony of love,
Yet from their eyes no tear there flowed,
Nor word for utterance strove;
For mightiest sorrow e'er appears
Too full for words, "too deep for tears."

They knew it well. At length they turned,
Their eyes from gazing tore;
Yet still that wish their bosom burned,
"One look! oh, one look more!"
One look they gave ere on they passed
One soul-breath'd sigh—it was their last!

O sadly memorable place,
And melancholy hill!
In pity for that outcast race
The pilgrim's eyes will fill;
And his responsive breast heave high,
While gazing on "The Moor's Last Sigh."

The Bridal of Naworth ; a Poem in Three Cantos. Simpkin and Marshall.

THE story of this spirited poem is, as we learn from the preface, founded on events narrated in Nicholson's History of Cumberland. It is a wild and fanciful theme, filled with the material after olden romances, and is handled with much taste, feeling, and delicacy. The rhythm is for the most part excellent, and the characters, though only faintly portrayed, are touched in a masterly style. Since Scott's "Harold the Dauntless," we have seen nothing of the kind superior. This, though high praise in these days, will be found to be fully justified on a perusal of the volume itself. Here is an extract that will suffice to stamp its poetical merits much above mediocrity:—

“Maimed by oppression in each better part,
Sensual by nature, brutalized by art,
Savage and sullen, grov’ling as the earth,
He trod in slav’ry from his hour of birth—
The abject peasant clank’d his galling chain,
And found in crime a recompence for pain.
All fearful vices of that barb’rous age
Could ease his labours, and his pains assuage ;
Revengeful, selfish (vices of the heart
Which knows no kin, but ever broods apart),
Prowling and daring, ignorant of law,
What recked he for the bounds he never saw ?
Or what had recked all human ties beheld ?
His arm ne’er spared but where its force was quelled.
The dark effect accorded with the cause—
He found no justice, recognized no laws.
Driven like a surly beast from stall to field,
The goaded serf toiled on, by custom steeled.
Spurned by his lord, as fellow to the brute,
The mastiff licked, or snarled, or bit the foot,
As strength or daring prompted—he but knew
Such bonds as those his tyrants on him threw ;
And wilder, fiercer, from his spirit broke
The smothered flame, when once escaped the yoke.
Earth was to him as our first parents known ;
What yielded to his grasp became his own :
And in the deep recesses of a breast
So wholly lost, degraded, and oppressed,
What marvel such an evil spirit grew
As jars with nature, when thus shown to view ?”

Of this Lord Ranulph the hero is the leader, and his deeds are narrated with graphic skill and distinctness. The Third Canto is a very powerful piece of dramatic composition, and indeed the whole framework of the tale evinces capability for that species of writing worth the highest praise. We trust that the author will speedily afford us another opportunity of welcoming him in print.

The Outcast.

Is a poem that affords a very healthy contrast to the majority of versified perpetrations in these days. Its merits are likely to be overlooked, from the fact of its coming before the public in sheets, and without a respectable exterior, but it is deserving of the attention of the patrons of light literature.

THEATRICAL REVIEW.

—
ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

OPERA BUFFA.—"Chiara di Rosenberg," the opera from which Balfe is said to have derived the best part of his *Siege of Rochelle*, and from which at least the plot is taken, was presented to an English audience at the Lyceum on the 24th of January.

The story is somewhat as follows:—"Clara of Rosenberg" when about to marry the "Marquis of Valmore," is suspected of destroying his infant son by a former marriage, whose claims might have interfered with her own prospects or those of her expected offspring. The real murderer is a person whom she supposes to be her father, and whose guilt she conceals through motives of filial piety. He aids her escape from prison, and at the commencement of the opera she is found residing with "Marcella," the wife of "Michel," a retainer of "Count Rosenberg." The "Countess," who long since lost a daughter, is inclined to adopt the amiable "Clara." At this juncture the "Marquis of Valmore" arrives and denounces the supposed murderess, though he still retains much affection for her person. By the instrumentality of "Michel," "Montalban," the father of "Clara," is proved to be the assassin, and as this discovery would leave the principal characters involved in much distress, a further discovery is made, namely, that "Clara" is the lost daughter of "Rosenberg."

Such a farrago of nonsense is reasonably to be expected by every one acquainted with the usual run of Italian librettos; but of course the music is the principal attraction. We must do Mr. Balfe the justice to say that the resemblance of his opera to Ricci's is principally in the story, though we do not think any of his works bear the stamp of originality. He is rather, we think, a man of talent than a man of genius. However, to return to our opera. The music throughout is agreeable, but we do not think in any part pre-eminently fine. As a whole the performance went off well, but no separate portion was particularly striking.

The part of "Clara" was supported by Blasis, who has not any of the natural attributes of a heroine, and though she acted very well throughout, burlesque notions were constantly excited either by association or by the intrinsic comicality of her style. Especially in her scenes with "Montalban," played by Bellini, who is utterly unfit for any thing in the shape of tragedy, we were constantly reminded of the mock parting of Dido and Æneas in the "*Avventura di Scaramuccia*." Let Blasis eschew the buskin and stick to the sock. In comedy she is excellent—in tragedy only endurable. We are much surprised that this part was not entrusted to Giannoni,* who would

* We are enabled to lay before our readers the following interesting particulars with regard to Giannoni. She was not originally brought up for the stage, but, residing at Naples, attracted the attention of a Spaniard, who was so ardent an admirer of the

have made it highly attractive, while in the hands of Blasis it lost much of its effect from the causes we have above stated.

Catone played the "Marquis," and sung, as he always does, with exquisite taste and sweetness. His song—

"Ove credea di porgere
Conforto ai mali miei"—

gave the most unmixed delight to the audience, as also in the duet with Blasis,—

"Ma verra, verra il momento."

There is a simplicity and elegance about his style which is delicious to the ear after being accustomed to the over-wrought cadences of Rubini, which almost cloy with an excess of sweets. We long to hear him in Mozart. He would give

"Il mio tesoro"

to perfection.

Miss Fanny Wyndham appeared in petticoats as the old "Countess," and did what little she had to do exceedingly well, though a remarkably fine young woman is by no means a fitting representative in person of a motherly dame of fifty. The parts of "Rosenberg" and "Michel" were filled by Signors Torri and Ruggiero.

January 31st.—A comedietta, adapted from the French vaudeville of "Michel and Christine," with music by M. Benedict, was played in England for the first time on this night, and we are free to confess that we should have felt no regret had it never been played at all. With the plot no doubt many of our readers are familiar, but for the information of such as have not seen the French original we will detail the few incidents of the operetta. "Eliza's" old lover has left her for the army, promising to return in a year and a day to claim her hand. Meanwhile, with more than woman's fickleness she becomes attached to a handsome young peasant, and on the completion of the period of her probation, her warrior not having arrived, she joyfully consents to marry her new *inamorato*. The unexpected *entrée* of "Lorenzo" causes some confusion and distress to the silly couple, until, perceiving the state of her affections, he generously foregoes his right, presents them with all his fortune as a dowry, and returns to the perils and excitement of a soldier's life.

In the original piece the plot went for nothing; all depended on the acting and peculiar nature of the characters. A Frenchwoman has acquired by established custom the right to be fickle, and the French *militaire* is an animal as much *sui generis* as our English sailor. Then the parts of "Stanislas," the soldier, and "Michel," the country boy, were written for Gontier and Perlet, and those who have seen them at

young songstress that, on her refusal to listen to his addresses, he tried to destroy himself. Moved by such a strong mark of devotion, she consented to an union; but marriage soon turned the honey into gall, and in a paroxysm of jealousy he attempted her life as he had before his own. This was a mode of displaying his affection by no means pleasant to the lady, who forthwith separated herself from the bed and board of so ferocious an admirer. Her income being considerably affected by this change, she found it necessary to adopt a profession of which we are confident she is destined to become one of the brightest ornaments.

the Gymnase or Theatre de Madame la Duchesse de Berri, as it was at that time called, will not readily forget the effect produced on a Parisian audience by their astonishing performance. We forget at present the name of the original representative of "Christine," but she was an actress of considerable note. The same piece was repeatedly played in London during the flourishing period of the French company while they occupied the little theatre in Tottenham Street, the parts being then filled by Pelissié, Laporte, and St. Ange, Laporte being at a somewhat later period replaced by Perlet, who took his original character. There was no more popular *vaudeville* in their catalogue; and the distress of the lovers and magnanimity of the rough soldier seldom failed to draw tears from the eyes of the fair audience. Now however attractive the dialogue in the original, in the Italian version it is guiltless of wit, naïveté, or effect; and as the music is by no means striking, the whole affair was uncommonly dull. Ronconi made nothing of his only song, "Al campo della gloria," nor do we think any thing can be made of so tame a piece of music; besides which, he looked not like a rough sergeant, but like a count in disguise. Giannoni had very little to do either as a songstress or actress, but did that little well. Miss Fanny Wyndham was encored in a song, "Pastorello pien d'amore," for the sake of a few notes of extraordinary power and depth at the conclusion. The air itself was by no means deserving of repetition, except inasmuch as it served as a vehicle for her singing. The somniferous qualities of this operetta were made the more apparent by comparison with the lively first act of "L'Elisir d'Amore," by which it had been preceded.

February 11th.—This night was appropriated to the second in rank of Mozart's operas, and though it is admitted on all hands by competent judges that the "Don Giovanni" is the most perfect dramatic composition of his or any other person's, it may be a matter of doubt whether the "Nozze di Figaro" is not, from the more agreeable and lively plot and lighter music, a still greater favourite with the public. At all events, after playing to empty benches for the whole of their brief season, on this occasion the house was crammed to suffocation. The stalls and private boxes have always been well filled, but as these may be considered the peculiar property of that class who go not where they are entertained, but where fashion calls them, they furnish no data by which to judge of the public taste. Now the price of admission to the boxes and pit being within the reach of all persons enjoying moderately good means, the number of visitors to those parts of the theatre form a very good criterion of the estimation in which the performances are held. As long as the light but lively operas of the new Italian school were the only food offered to the musical appetite few were present at the feast. As soon as the promised banquet is an opera by Mozart, the unopened doors are thronged with impatient crowds; and fortunate indeed are those who can procure reasonably good places in the small area allotted for the public.* Hundreds were sent back from the doors. This is not a

* Those who have not visited the Lyceum lately should be informed that the best half of the pit is divided into stalls according to the practice in foreign theatres. But mark!—at English prices.

bad hint for future speculators. Notwithstanding the imputed want of taste for music in the English, we believe that good operas, well sung, would never be in want of an audience; that the works of Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Cimarosa, Rossini, and, perhaps, we might add Auber and Mayerbeer, if properly and effectively represented, might be played night after night to crowded houses. We are not finding fault with the production of novelties, but we may reasonably object to the conductors of the Opera Buffa that they have too exclusively aimed at novelty, when they might have better satisfied their supporters and consulted their own interests by serving up some of the old standing dishes.

We suspect, however, that there were other good reasons why Mozart was not brought forward earlier. It must not be forgotten that the difficulty of executing his music is considerable; that it will not bear any unskilful handling, but at once betrays imperfections of voice, of science, of industry, and of musical feeling. The Italians are accustomed to hash up their songs and introduce such alterations as are adapted to bring forward the best qualities of their voices, or any peculiar powers they may possess; and it must be confessed that the music does not appear to suffer by these changes. Change a note of Mozart's, give it an undue value, or introduce a cadence out of place, and the same effect is produced as by altering Shakspeare—you cannot improve, and the chances are a thousand to one in favour of your spoiling. Mozart too requires intent study and frequent rehearsal—two points not very consonant with the impatient feelings engendered by the warm sun of Italy. His music is a touchstone of merit, and many have succeeded in the execution of inferior works who have utterly failed when tried by this test.

To cut short a dissertation which we fear has already extended to too great a length, we were not so well satisfied with our old favourites as we have been heretofore. Blasis sung the music properly belonging to her part with great archness and spirit, and acted the lively waiting woman as well as need be; but why did she seize upon the page's song? It is, we allow, generally sung by the "Countess," but an artiste should always consult her own capabilities before she undertakes a song so difficult as "*Voi che sapete*." It requires the deepest pathos of expression throughout, and Blasis has no more of that sort of thing about her than master John Reeve has. In fact, her singing that song was a failure.* Ronconi, as the "Count," was chaste and elegant, but did not seem at home in the music, which indeed requires a much more powerful voice than his to give it due effect. Miss Fanny Wyndham too disappointed us; she has done very well in every thing else, but is not up to Mozart. Bellini stumbled through "*Figaro's*" part, and, we suppose for the sake of the orchestral accompaniments or because every one is familiar with the air, was encored in "*Non piu andrai*," which, however, he sang very indifferently.

* Many of our readers will recollect the intensely earnest feeling with which poor Malibran gave this exquisite aria. We are not much given to the melting mood, but we never heard her sing it with dry eyes.

By the way, we cannot conceive why "Figaro's" scena in the garden, under the influence of jealousy, which is one of the finest morceaux in the opera, is invariably omitted. Torri played "Don Bartolo," and sung the air, "La Vendetta," which is seldom introduced, very well. The insignificant part of "Don Basilio" gave Catone no opportunity of displaying his powers. We should like to hear him in "Don Octavio." Right sure are we he would do justice to "Il mio tesoro intante." Pass we on to Giannoni, who alone of the cast of the "Nozze di Figaro" added to her reputation by this night's performance. Young in years, and new to the stage, she has much experience to acquire, and that confidence which enables the actress to make full use of her powers, unfettered by any apprehensions of failure. But she possesses an intuitive genius for acting, and has a soul for music. She feels as well as sings, and enters so completely into the sentiment of her part as to identify herself with the character. Her "Porgi amor" was a beautiful specimen of unadorned pathos—not a note added to or taken from Mozart, and all given with an expression that charmed the delighted hearers. In "Dove sono" she was equally successful, and we need scarcely add was encored in both. We trust we shall see her on a stage which will give fuller scope to her abilities, which are of the very highest order. Rubbi, in "Antonio," played the drunken gardener to the life. No wonder! It is a part he has rehearsed daily for some years past. The orchestral department was admirable—and how could it be otherwise when every performer is a professor on his instrument—most of them unrivalled?

In closing our account of this performance we cannot say that it gave us the same unmixed satisfaction as the previous productions of the season. But it is only fair to state that when we last saw the "Nozze di Figaro" Sontag, Malibran, Donzelli, and Pellegrini played the "Countess," "Susanna," the "Count," and "Figaro;" and as it was natural to make that a standard of perfection it is not surprising that we should feel dissatisfied with the performance of any inferior artists, albeit skilful in their profession.

The "Nozze di Figaro" being announced as the last of the performances by the Italian Company at the Lyceum, we are now enabled to make a few observations on the nature and results of the experiment.

England is, we believe, the only country where the attractions of the *ballet* are united to those of the opera—at least it is not so in Italy or France. There the lovers of the higher class of dramatic music are enabled to indulge their inclinations without paying for an expensive *spectacle* they do not see, or staying to witness an exhibition which is neither very moral nor intellectual. We do not profess to be squeamish; we can and do admire the exquisite grace and finish of Taglioni, the elegance and beauty of Duvernay, and the neatness and precision of Fanny Elsler. But we would rather have some theatre specially appropriated for pantomime in all its forms, including *ballet*, and have the music-stage clear for the singers. Besides, if nothing is given but an opera, the entertainment is not protracted to such an unconscionably late hour as when dancing is superadded.

In the expectation that the town would entertain the same opinion

as ourselves, Mr. Mitchell embarked in this undertaking ; and if it has not met with all the success it deserves, the idea must be acknowledged to be good, and no one can find fault with the mode in which it was carried into effect. Six operas, new to an English audience, have been brought out, and the garland completed by Mozart's gem, which alone is worth the whole produce of the Italian school put together. Of these, three, the "Elisir d'Amore," "Un Avventura di Scaramuccia," and "Nina," have been eminently successful ; "Chiara di Rosenberg" was not without its admirers ; "Il Furioso" failed, we are inclined to think, owing to the failure of Signora Luini ; and "Un Anno ed un Giorno" we suppose was produced in compliment to M. Benedict. Besides bringing back to us so accomplished an *artiste* as Blasis, whose well-known abilities we need not here dilate on, we have had a soprano, a tenor, and a barytone introduced to us, who would otherwise, perchance, have never crossed our channel, and all of whom can boast of qualifications of the highest order ; and as they are all young, especially the two former, we trust their improvement will keep pace with their growing favour. The names of Giannoni, Catone, and Ronconi, will be ever remembered with delight by those who have visited the Opera Buffa ; nor must we forget Miss Fanny Wyndham, whose very successful *debut* was most highly creditable to the native school of song. The performances have taken place too in a *salle* of moderate dimensions, enabling every one to see and hear perfectly well without the aid of telescope and ear-trumpet, and without compelling the vocalists to strain their organs to a degree which is almost as painful to the spectator as to the actor. The houses have not generally been such as to ensure a proper remuneration to the speculators. We trust, however, they have not been losers by their enterprise, and that they will not be discouraged from presenting a fresh series of operas in the ensuing winter, we hope to a more numerous—we are sure to not better satisfied audiences.

ADELPHI.

February 20th.—A new melo-drama has been brought out at the Adelphi for the express purpose of introducing the Bedouin Arabs in a new form. Their performances have been with great ingenuity wrought into the piece, which, independently of its peculiar object, has considerable merits. Its title is, "The Yacho ; or the Arab's Leap"—the second part being an allusion to one of the incidents of the drama, one of those vaulters bounding over the lofty palisades of a fortress to the rescue of his chieftain's son with an activity which seems almost superhuman. Reeve had a part which suited him, and which he accordingly made exquisitely funny. The play was given out for repetition with great applause.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE exhibition in Pall Mall this year presents many objects of high interest and attraction, and is on the whole extremely satisfactory; but the Directors might have spared the expression of their regret at being obliged to "return several works of considerable merit"—a declaration which casts an imputation on their judgment or impartiality—for there are many detestable daubs, scarcely fit to be hung up on sign-posts, and which occupy a considerable space: these ought unquestionably to have given place to the "works of considerable merit," if the directors be impartial; and if they thought them good, and therefore give them room on the walls, Heaven help their judgment! However, our present object is to criticise the pictures (and there are many excellent ones), and so we will let the directors alone. To begin then from the first, we have,

No. 1. Zarah, by F. Grant. A work of considerable merit on a very grand scale. The figure is much larger than life, the attitude well chosen, and the costume picturesque.

No. 3. Pilot Boat, running into St. Peter's, Guernsey. No. 19. Rigging Hulk and Frigate, by E. W. Cooke. These little pictures are exquisitely wrought, and with a fidelity almost unknown to landscape painters of the present day, who for the most part sacrifice the view to the effect, to that degree that the spot they have depicted is seldom recognizable even by those best acquainted with it.

Nos. 40, 41, and 42, all by the same hand, are equally true to nature. We predict confidently that a very few years will see Mr. Cooke at the head of his profession.

No. 12. Scene on the Lynn, North Devon. J. B. Pyne. A very clever picture. It struck us as a remarkable defect, that the mountains were too blue or too near. Every one knows that the hills only acquire that atmospheric tint when seen from considerable distances, and in this case we think the colouring or the perspective or both are at fault. The water falling down the rock is beautifully clear and pellucid.

No. 16. Windsor from the Thames, by the same artist, deserves praise.

No. 26. The Twin Sisters. A charming little picture by Mrs. Carpenter of two very pretty children. This is one of the best works we have seen of this very talented lady, whose abilities have secured her a rank among artists alike honourable to herself, her sex, and her country.

No. 72. Piazzelu at Venice, by J. Inskipp. A very clever, very odd sketch, of a dark-eyed Italian Girl, with a few indications of figures in the back ground. The style is peculiar, perhaps we might call it eccentric; but the effect is very pleasing.

No. 112. Greenwich Pensioners, J. Burnet. There is much praise due to this picture, and it is also in some measure a matter to be astonished at, that an artist who has devoted himself principally

to another branch of his profession, should handle the pencil so skilfully. One serious objection, which however is not to be attributed to the painter, but the subject, is the mass of blue in the coats of the old pensioners. Another is that no one should have ventured to paint a *pendant* to Wilkie's Chelsea Pensioners, but Wilkie himself, and least of all Mr. Burnet.

No. 138. Trial of Rebecca. H. Andrews Pretty—but the pencil of the limner is inadequate to represent the scenes imagined by Scott.

No. 143. Valley of the Lynn, North Devon. T. I. Soper. This we thought a better or at least a more faithful representation of the scene than No. 12.

No. 146. L'Infiolata. T. Uwins, A. R. A. A beautiful child crowned with luxuriant wreaths of flowers of those bright hues which are not known in our damp sunless climes. The flesh is warm and pulpy, the shadows strongly marked (though the picture is by no means dark) and the tout-ensemble so natural that it produces the effect of a living head when seen from a distance. This we consider the gem of the exhibition.

No. 234. An American Packet running for Swansea Harbour, G. Chambers. The vessel which is heeling to starboard under the influence of a strong gale, is illuminated by the sun from the windward. The back ground is enveloped in that gloom which is usually seen in a stormy horizon to leeward.

No. 261. The Bombardment of Algiers. G. Chambers. This as well as the last-named picture is replete with indications of talent, and deserves a distinguished place in the Hall of Greenwich Hospital, which it is destined to adorn. In the left hand corner is a boat with a carronade in the bow, full of men pulling for the batteries. The variety and energy of expression and attitude is admirable.

No. 298. Study from Nature. T. F. Hodgkins. We presume this is a portrait of the artist by himself.

No. 339. An Italian Peasant playing to his Virgin. Execrable plagiarism.—Did Mr. C. R. Bone hope to escape detection when copying a well-known picture of Wilkie's?

No. 375. The Battle of Trafalgar. W. J. Huggins. What an awful business is this! It may be like the real thing, but is the reverse of a flattering likeness.

No. 398. Venice. J. Holland. This painting has all the character of truth, and is, we doubt not, a faithful representation as far as it goes, though certainly not of the most favourable points in the City of Islands.

No. 420. Calisto. P. Rothwell. The flesh is very beautifully painted, but the subject is eminently indecent, and certainly far too much so to render it a fit subject for public exhibition.

No. 451. A Study from Nature, that is to say, a very clever portrait from the pencil of J. Wood, which has been smuggled in under that denomination,—portraits as such being inadmissible.

Our limited space prevents us entering into more detailed notices of this exhibition, which contains many very excellent pictures be-

sides those we have named. It contains also many which are execrably bad, as for instance Nos. 183, 195, 206, 288, 353, 354, 362, 364, &c. &c. There are some too which have appeared elsewhere, and which we have on that account designedly abstained from noticing. Some of them, as No. 36, by Uwins, and No. 120, by Turner, are well worth attentive examination—others, either from the nature of the subject portrayed, or the indifferent execution, or both causes combined, had better have been kept at home with their faces to the wall or used to paint over as a ground for some more successful composition.

PANORAMA OF MONT BLANC, LEICESTER SQUARE.

THE view is taken from the chalet of the Flégère, where is to be found the most extensive prospect of the gigantic mountain. The general features are well and accurately depicted, and on the whole it gives a very exact idea of the stupendous mass. The glaciers want that beautiful transparent hue which is so peculiarly their property and which we believe to be inimitable by the painter's art. But the clear sky, the strongly defined outlines and fleecy clouds tinged with the rich sun-beams, are all very like nature. The Mer de Glace is the least successful part of the picture, nor were we very well pleased with that portion of the valley which is given, with the Arve flowing through it. There is a life and motion about those rapid torrents even when seen from an elevation of four or five thousand feet, which is poorly delineated in the muddy kennel of the Panorama. On the whole much credit is due to Mr. Burford, and those who have not had an opportunity of seeing the original should hasten to enjoy his excellent copy, and those who have should go and revive the pleasurable sensations they felt in the valley of Chamonix.

PHRENOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF PARIS.

On the opening of the present session, M. Dumoutier read a paper before the society, for the purpose of showing that Buffon committed an error in supposing that man owed the superiority of his intelligence solely to the admirable perfection of his hand.

At a very early period, Aristotle sustained the opinion, that the inventions of art were referable to the workings of reason, and not to the hands, which were merely instruments. Buffon's opinion is contradicted by a multitude of facts, and particularly by the following case, which hardly admits of a doubt of the aptitude for exercising the art resulting from the influence on the mental manifestations.

M. Duconet, the subject of this sketch, is a clever painter, but without arms, and only three feet two inches high. His spine is much twisted, he is humpbacked, he has no thighs, and his feet are very short and incomplete, being furnished with only four toes. In spite of his deformity he is very active, and by his own exertions provides very comfortably for his family. He stands but little, and for two reasons,—first, because that position is fatiguing and painful, and, principally, lest he should injure his feet in their application to the office of hands.

His childhood was a continued series of distressing suffering, very much increased by an unceasing petulance, which required the kindest feelings on the part of his friends to render supportable. He played well with his battle-door, and could spin a top with as much dexterity as any of his playfellows.

At the age of seven he could write and began to draw; soon afterwards he was sent to school, where he became conspicuous for ability; and, on the completion of his collegiate education, he was admitted into the studio of several celebrated painters. Here he had an opportunity of displaying great amiability and affection of manners, with fine moral qualities, distinguished talent, and discriminating judgment.

His phrenological conformation corroborated his elevated qualities, and gave promise of considerable professional ability. His success has fully warranted the high expectations that were anticipated for him, for he is now a painter of great celebrity, and has founded a school for himself.

One anecdote connected with his painting is amusing. The painters who have seen his works and examined his style, agree in one expression with regard to them, that he displays '*trop de main.*'

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

Nescio quid meditans nugarum et totus in illis.—HORACE.

RATHER OMINOUS.—Believe the Tories, and the year of our Lord 1837 is the commencement of their millennium. A remarkable nice year truly it has been so far as it has gone, and a precious sample of what we may expect when the sun of office shall have entered Taurus, and Knatchbull be in the ascendant. Here we are just commencing the second month, and a fearful mortality has in a measure desolated our highways. Such snow has fallen that the propagation of conservative falsehood has been impeded by it. Such fogs have obscured the atmosphere, that at a short distance the Marquis of Waterford was mistaken for a gentleman, and the Bishop of London for a primitive Christian. There have been such frosts that the vanity of the author of "*Runymede's Letters*" has been congealed for half a dozen hours—when he was asleep; and, anon, such heats that Lord Eldon was about to promise to commence a distribution of blankets. The capture of Bilboa has appalled the hearts of the Carlisle, and the seizure of Lord Ranelagh's wigs made Truefit the envy of every Christian tonsor from the Pyrenees to Gibraltar. A murder has been perpetrated upon a woman in the Edgware Road, the horrors of which altogether eclipse any orange fiction of a parson butchery in Ireland. A hoax has been played off on Sir Frederick Roe and the Home Office, enough to deprive the Minerva press romance-mongers of the poor praise of being imaginative. An omnibus cad has said that he took one of the new fourpennies instead of a sixpence, and more than that, some people have believed him. A Scotchman has offered to make affidavit that he preferred the Highlands to London; and a Tory has been heard to make use of the word patriotism, but, being asked what it meant, confessed he knew not. Wonderful! wonderful! *Etzub! Etzub!* as they say in Abyssinian—a language with which and the English some of our constitution orators are equally conversant. This promises to be a marvellous year. We have not seen our old friend Francis Moore, Physician, but we suppose we may take it for granted that he has predicted all manner of good things. Indeed we should imagine that, like the Tories, he has too much regard for his character to be inconsistent in his absurdities. As sticklers for the faith of their ancestors, the Tories are doubtless given to a credence in omens; and if so, we should fancy they must regard that preternatural state of things with dismay, notwithstanding all the vaunted reaction in their favour. The *Times* is out of joint (our

grammar is not like the morality of a certain journalist—beyond suspicion) and if the faction are about to grasp power again, nature gives warning of the guilty thing's approach. The advent of *Macbeth* to the consummation of his fell design was heralded by the tumbling down of chimney-pots; and if we judge of *his* iniquity by such portentous indications, what shall we say is intimidated by the hurricane of lamp-posts tiles and sky-lights, coping-stones, window-sills and geranium-pots, umbrellas donkey-carts and weather-cocks, wherewith the metropolis, yea, Fulham, Mile-End, Camberwell, and the Lord knows where, were visited a few weeks ago!

SHAKSPEARE AND THE PARSONS.—Our readers are aware that a subscription has been some time on foot for the restoration of Shakspeare's Monument, and the general preservation of the church wherein his remains are deposited at Stratford-upon-Avon. Of the propriety of such subscription there can be but one opinion; and, in looking through the published lists, we were pleased to see the names of several clergymen in the immediate vicinity of the birth-place of the immortal bard down for sums of various amounts. So far so well. But, on the twenty-sixth ult., there was held, in the town already mentioned, a violent Tory meeting, followed by a dinner, whereat were assembled no less than fifteen parsons, though there were only twenty-five guests present whose names were thought worthy of being mentioned at all. Of all places in the world the spot chosen for this demonstration of political acerbity and religious intolerance was Shakspeare's Hall; and therein these fifteen men of God waxed eloquent in denouncing the majority of their fellow-subjects as incendiaries and infidels. In Shakspeare's Hall, these meek and lowly followers of the Fisherman of Galilee rose reeking from their viands and strong drink, and protested in the name of the God of all charity, that it was impiety to resist the grasping avarice of churchmen, and treason to dispute the supremacy of Toryism. The rector, the Rev. Dr. Davenport, a man of exceedingly advanced years, and who has been mentioned respectfully in conjunction with Shakspeare's memory, mumbled out his scarcely audible antipathies to the growing spirit of the times, affording the awful spectacle of a man who has outlived the consciousness of his own imbecility, but whose unchristian spitefulness nor years nor infirmities can extinguish. Shakspeare and the Parsons—"such names mingled!" We wonder the sanctified wassailers did not drink to his deathless memory as a high church man. Why, if they were not blinded by their unholy fanaticism to all sense of decency or propriety, the mere thought of their being in a locality associated with his name, should have taught them that charity they were ordained and are paid to preach, but which they ridicule by their example and caricature by almost every act of their lives. Shakspeare wrote for the great family of mankind, and not to pander to the splenetic feelings of a faction that would usurp dominion over the whole human brotherhood. Shakspeare's admirers, his true admirers—those who have profited by the wondrous wisdom of his inculcations, are to be found in the English people at large, and not in a fraction thereof; and when the English people are called upon to subscribe to his monument will they the more readily respond because a congregation of "ungracious pastors" desecrate the sanctity of his temple, and stigmatize every man who does not believe as they do, as disloyal to the crown and offensive to God? There has been no ebullition of Tory animosity made within the last twelve months more vindictive and acrimonious than at this Stratford-upon-Avon exhibition, and it was not the less repugnant because of its extreme dulness and stupidity. Your most determined haters are invariably your piety-mongers. If their malevolence was equalled by their cunning—for wisdom they have none—we had better live in holes peopled by scorpions; but by a wise ordinance, their rancour not unfrequently recoils upon themselves, and in their fears good men find safety from their malice. But it is not the foolish because impotent chagrin of these fifteen anointed revilers of the tithe-paying people of the empire that annoys us. Had they croaked till doomsday, their auditors

would be the only persons entitled to complain, provided their croakings were confined to some congenial site. But when we find their splenetic fervour leading them to pollute a place hallowed above all others in the estimation of every lover of transcendent and unequalled genius, one's patience get the better of one's apathy respecting things contemptible in themselves, and only worthy of notice from their noxiousness. However, like the Agnewites and similarly absurd fanatics, in whom a lust for notoriety of any description predominates over all other feeling, we may be but ministering to the hankerings of these "churlish priests" in censuring them. Be it so: their ambition is unique, and its indulgence will beget the envy of few out of their own clique.

APPROPOS.—Nearly every attack upon O'Connell made lately by the Tories has been prefaced or accompanied by some reproach for the continuance of his allusions to the Rathcormack butchery. Judging from the sensitiveness they display whenever the word is mentioned, we fancy *Wrath-cormack* would be the more suitable designation.

LITERARY NOTICES.

A Work will shortly appear, bearing the rather eccentric title of 'Piso and the Præfect, or the Ancients off their Stilts.' In this production it has been the object of the author to exhibit the citizens of old Rome in a new point of view, and one too, which, if not particularly favourable, may be more consonant with truth and reality than the notions which we have imbibed from the writings of the commentators, or which have been *scourged* into us at an early period of existence by the pedagogue's rod.

The author of 'Jerningham' has just completed a new metaphysical romance, under the title of 'Doveton, or the Man of Many Impulses,' wherein he has attempted, under cover of a highly interesting narrative, to trace the development of the imaginative faculty.

We are glad to find Miss Stickney engaged on a third volume of her inimitable 'Pictures of Private Life,' and that she has chosen the fertile subject of Pretension for the exercise of her talented pen. If there be one prevailing annoyance greater than another, in every grade of society, it is that of Pretension; and we therefore anxiously hope that the present laudable endeavour of this popular writer to expose its folly, and check its many absurdities, will prove successful. The work will be published in a few days.

The first monthly part of a new and extended series of 'The Byron Gallery,' to be accompanied, for the first time, with historical and descriptive letter-press, will appear in a few days.

A new issue of 'The Library of Romance' is now preparing for publication, with splendid illustrations, engraved on steel, by the most eminent artists after drawings by the first masters of the day.

Mrs. Steward, the author of 'Prediction,' and other works of great merit, has just completed a second edition of 'The Mascarenhas, a Legend of the Portuguese in India.' The interest of the present edition of this extraordinary work is greatly enhanced by the addition of historical and descriptive notes illustrative of the narrative.

Just published, 'The Bridal of Naworth,' a poem in three cantos. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

A new edition of Inglis's 'Spain,' with an introductory chapter, giving some account of the lamented author, and an outline of the proceedings in the Peninsula since his decease.

An elegantly written and highly instructive work for young people is now in the press, from the pen of Miss Caroline A. Halsted, Author of the 'Little Botanist,' &c., in which a general knowledge of various interesting topics connected with every day life, is presented to the youthful mind in an attractive and amusing form.